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THE SPHERE, SEPTEMBER 5, 1931
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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVI. No. 1650 SEPT. 5, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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BLACK AFRICA—A street of Djenne and its famous mosque—The shell cabin of Logone—The Belgian Congo—The African fauna at the pavilion of Togo and Cameroun—The Portuguese Colonies.

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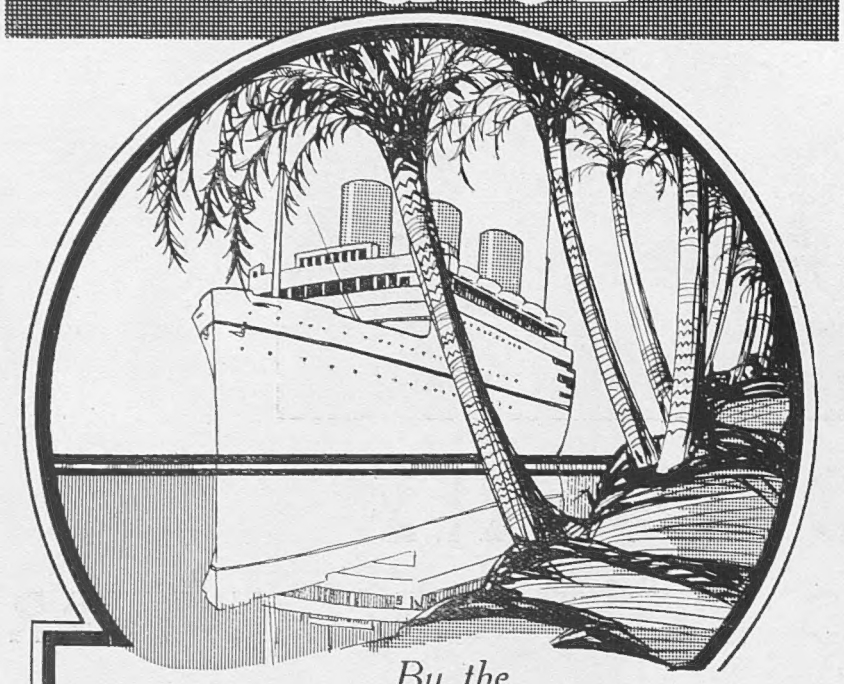

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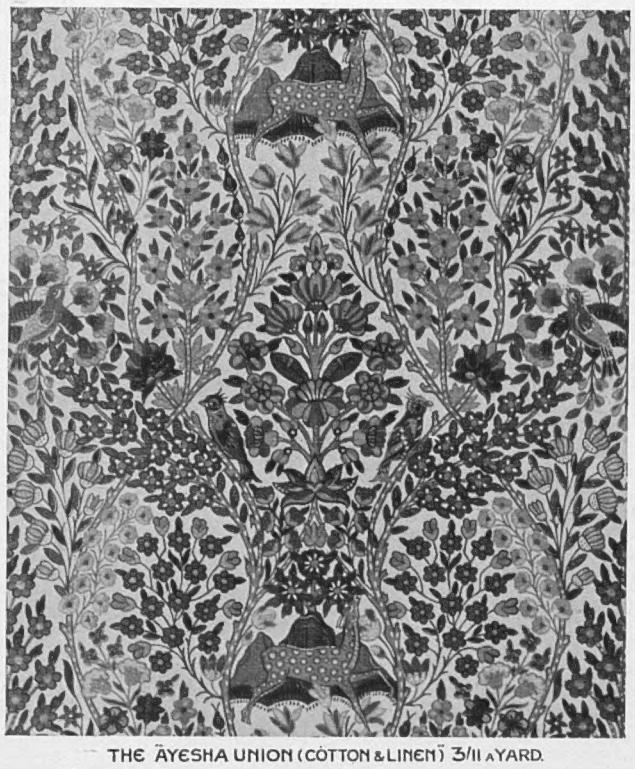

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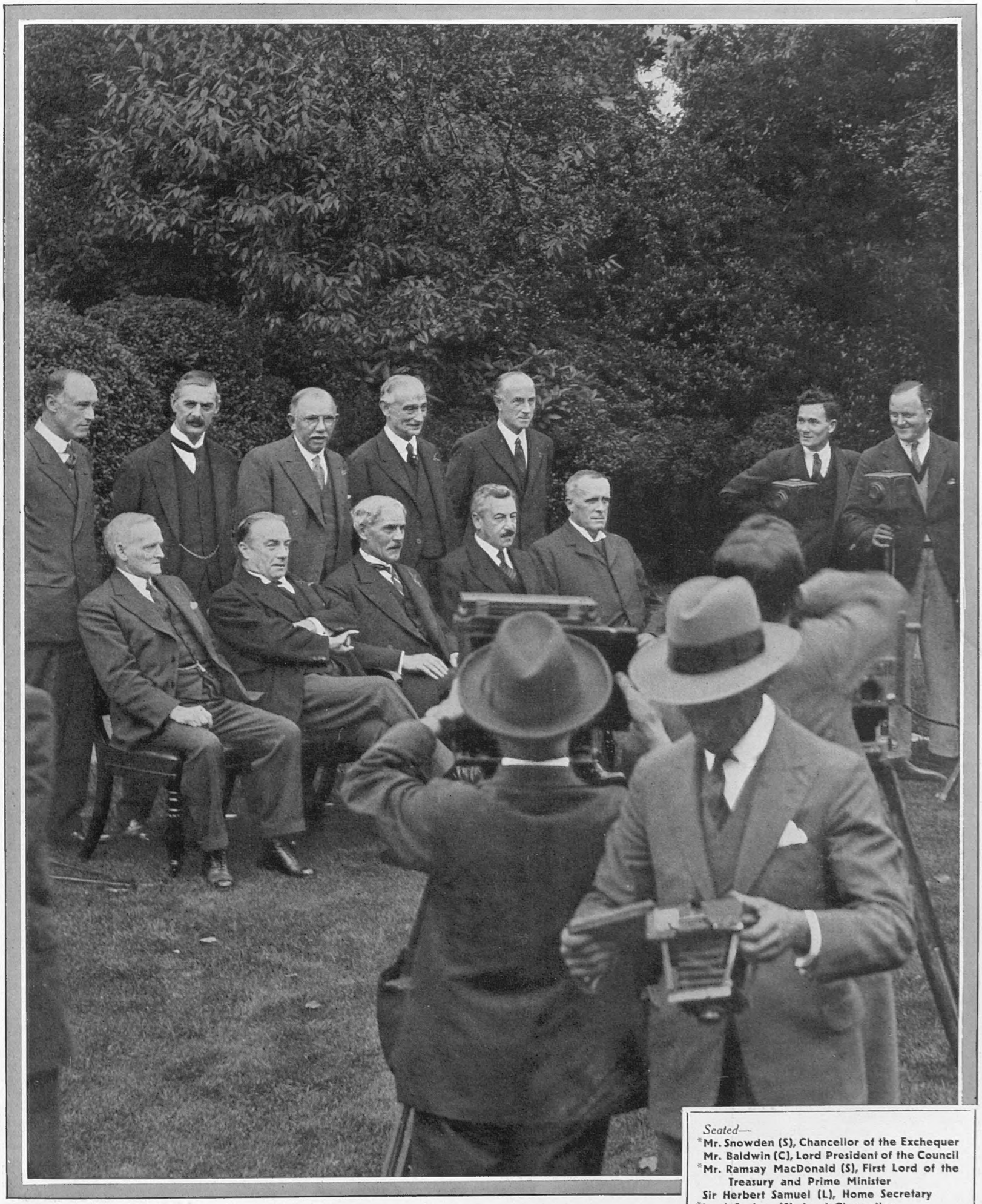


THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

A Special Group of the New Cabinet Taken at No. 10

The Economy Crisis has caused the formation of an all-party Cabinet of ten, which is the smallest Ministry since 1914. It is, roughly, proportionately representative, containing two Liberals, four Conservatives, and four Socialists, the last-named of whom have by their present action actively antagonized such outside Labour bodies as the I.L.P. and the T.U.C.

Seated—

*Mr. Snowden (S), Chancellor of the Exchequer
Mr. Baldwin (C), Lord President of the Council
*Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (S), First Lord of the Treasury and Prime Minister
Sir Herbert Samuel (L), Home Secretary
*Lord Sankey (S), Lord Chancellor

Standing—

Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister (C), Board of Trade
Mr. Neville Chamberlain (C), Minister of Health
*Mr. J. H. Thomas (S), Dominions and Colonies
Lord Reading (L), Foreign Secretary
Sir Samuel Hoare (C), India Secretary

* In previous Cabinet

A London Newsletter

SCARLET AND KHAKI. The 2nd East Kent Regiment, usually known as The Buffs, took over guard mount at St. James's Palace in place of the Brigade of Guards, which has gone into camp at Swindon. The colour bearers of the Coldstream and the Buffs are seen above

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 2, 1931

A Page of History.—Interest in the political crisis has already been transferred to the economic problems on which it turned. The fireworks and bombshells have been discharged, and now for clearing up the mess—a prosaic but vitally important task. But since no political crisis in recent times has been more grave and significant, it is right that the stages of its progress to the setting up of a National Government should be set on record. The crisis should undoubtedly have dated from the beginning of the year, from the date of Mr. Snowden's first grave warning following expert evidence given before the Dole Commission. That the Government then forgot all about it and frivolled away months of Parliamentary time, and that the Lloyd George Liberals suffered that waste of time, are blots on Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Lloyd George which no whitewashing will ever excuse. It is, then, reasonable to date the crisis immediately from August 1, the day on which the Economy Report issued its warning of a £120,000,000 Budget deficit. Despite that warning, the Cabinet scattered for an anxious "breather" before the Cabinet Economy Committee began its meetings. On the 11th the Premier came south to confer with the Chancellor. On the 12th the Committee first met. Mr. Baldwin returned to England on the 13th, and saw the Premier with Sir H. Samuel. Then there was a lull. Mr. Baldwin disappeared again. The King's preparations for departure went forward. Unemployment figures reached a British record. On the 20th the Cabinet gave its "sets of figures" to its then dictators, the Party Executive and the T.U.C. The reception was so alarmingly cold that a crisis was thenceforward inevitable, and the King's imminent departure should surely have been remembered and arrested.

The Critical Days.—On the 21st, the Premier learned that the Opposition parties—willing as they were to co-operate and in no party spirit—would not accept half-hearted measures and insisted on resolute handling of the big giant—the Dole problem. On the 22nd, vital meetings of the Cabinet revealed Messrs. MacDonald, Snowden, and Thomas and others converted to the necessity for Dole reform, with Messrs. Henderson, Clynes, Graham, Johnson, Greenwood, Lansbury, Addison, and Adamson resolutely opposed. That evening the King, warned of the impending crisis, hurried back from Ballater. On the 23rd, a momentous Sunday, the King saw all party leaders, and at 7 p.m. a decisive Cabinet meeting, which brought the issue to a head, was held. On Monday 24th, the King again saw the party leaders, and at noon the announcement of the resignation of the "last ditch" Cabinet Ministers was made public. Later in the day Mr. MacDonald resigned and was invited to form a National Retrenchment Government *ad hoc*. Parliament was summoned for September 8. Cabinet making was the order of the day until the afternoon of the 25th, when the formation of a small Cabinet, national and appointed for the single task of safeguarding national credit by retrenchment and new taxation, was announced.

The New Government.—It would be untrue to say that the announcement of the new Government personnel caused no surprises. In the Cabinet posts, the composition of parties is four Labour, four Conservative, and two Liberal. And the office holders were more or less pre-ordained with the exception of Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister at the Board of Trade. A mathematical apportionment of the numbers among parties required a Conservative, and Sir Philip is the experienced choice for the Board of Trade, if the post must fall to a Conservative. Of the minor posts, the appointment of Sir Austen Chamberlain to the Admiralty came as a very sharp surprise indeed. Sir H. Betterton, the least-known name, held the office of Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour—which he now controls—in the last Conservative Government. It was expected that Lord Lothian would hold office, as of course Sir D. Maclean. The fifth Liberal is Sir A. Sinclair, of late chief Liberal Whip; the sixth, Lord Crewe. Of the minor posts filled, four are Conservatives, four Liberal, and one Labour, a fact which reveals the extent of the party breakaway from Mr. MacDonald. The five Labour Ministers retain their old posts, Mr. Thomas doubling the divided offices of Colonies and Dominions. Lord Londonderry at the Office of Works will find it difficult to win that department fresh laurels from the public. The omission of Mr. Churchill, however, can cause no surprise to anyone. His recent antagonism towards the official Conservative party over India has led him into a certain position of isolation. Myself I could wish that three more Labour men displaced three of the chosen Conservatives. From the bottom of my heart I wish it.

A Healthy Shake-out.—The Cabinet may now be left, undisturbed and uncriticized and unhindered, to its great task. For its success it has the prayers and goodwill and the will to sacrifice of every sane and patriotic citizen, each one of whom only regrets that the faith now imposed on him was not courageously staked six months ago. On its side the Nation now demands of its rulers that courage in leadership which has been so lamentably lacking these dark years. The party system has received a vital lesson and a healthy shake-out. The Nation is at heart, I truly believe, now far more united than at any time since the War began. For I cannot myself believe that the T.U.C. will find it easy to sponsor a policy of obstruction which is nothing less than sawing off the branch on which it sits. Hot-heads and hot-air merchants are always with us, but I believe that Mr. Henderson and his followers may rue the day on which they lost their heads, their courage, and their posts of honour and responsibility, and their chance of sharing in the glorious task of restoring the Nation's credit.

The Right Tack.—And I believe that the vast mass of the workers will make their patriotism felt in the T.U.C. councils and that Voice will tell the new Opposition that they made a false move in refusing to believe in the Nation's sanity and patriotism. For this is the stark truth. No man can oppose the sane logic of economic facts, as disclosed by Mr. MacDonald in his broadcast appeal, except by a direct denial of the existence of any difficulties in the balancing of the National Budget, except by denying that any danger threatens our national credit, except by insisting that a *posse* of "plutocrat bankers" has hatched a capitalistic plot and hoodwinked Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden. And these opinions to-day are untenable in the absence of any evidence to support them. I have not met one single working man (and I have spoken with dozens already) who does not believe Mr. MacDonald to be at last on the right tack. Yet delay in making public the full extent of the sacrifices to be demanded of the Nation may prove fatal. Already the revolting Socialist Ministers have set up the standard for a class war. Trust a convert to be the arch-bigot! Already Dr. Addison has preached class hatred and war to the knife. On what grounds? I can find none, unless it be that the new Ministry contains an unfortunate number of marquesses, of unfortunate overtaxed marquesses!

The Influence of the King.—Once more it has been proved that the steadying and stimulating influence exerted by the King in a national emergency is unfailing and quite invaluable. There is no one in the country who does not accept King George as a statesman and a patriot utterly above party considerations, and on that account, and on account of a vast experience, as more clear-headed and clear-sighted in critical times than the calmest of his Ministers. And in this national tribute to the King's wisdom, his new private secretary must be associated. Between them, master and servant have absorbed all the vast experience of political precedent (dating back to the great days of Gladstone and Disraeli) which was the legacy left by the late Lord Stamfordham, who served so wisely and so ably three great sovereigns.

The "Obituary" of the Late Government.—The obituary notices of the second Labour Government were mostly couched in moderate language. No one can underestimate the difficulties which beset them, nor pass over the fine efforts which Mr. MacDonald and some of his lieutenants made towards international understanding. The Government's failure was due, above all, to lack of courage and lack of faith in the nation, and these things led to that persistent truckling to what it conceived to be the majority opinion of its supporters, to squandering millions on unemployment doles and schemes, and on social service reforms which could only be justified in times of trade prosperity. It is right that the nation remembers the great efforts made by the Premier in the autumn of 1929 in connection with Naval disarmament; Mr. Henderson's fine diplomacy on more than one occasion; and assuredly the good work in humbler domestic spheres of Mr. Morrison and Mr. Lansbury. Mr. Thomas's special tasks—to cope with unemployment and to bring the Imperial Conference to a happy issue—were tasks which circumstances put beyond the achievement even of a superman. If the Imperial Conference, the Naval disarmament agreement, and the Round Table Conference all left behind a tangle of untidy strands, we must not forget a number of tidy accomplishments in a time of abnormal stress and difficulty. The Government's unforgivable failure was that burking of the economy problem between February and August.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES: 300 of the oldest pianos in the country made a gigantic bonfire at the Woodchester Mills of the Stroud Piano Co. in Gloucester. The pianos (mostly second-hand ones) have outlived their usefulness and are burned to prevent a glut on the market. Even wood-merchants refused to buy them

That Cooking Stove!—Early in the summer I happened to make reference to (without naming) a new anthracite cooking stove which I had installed at home and found very satisfactory and economical. I have no desire to refer to it again, for it brought trouble on my head and on the head of an innocent newspaper. That short, anonymous reference in THE SPHERE "Newsletter" brought such a flood of enquiries to 346, Strand, that I was received on my visits to the office with a very brisk and significant form of chaff from over-worked members of the staff, who have dealt with over two hundred letters from readers already. I may say that after all these weeks letters are still coming in from the outposts of Empire, and these letters show me something I did not realize before, that one copy of THE SPHERE passes apparently through about twenty hands. It seems that in Australia and South Africa and elsewhere there are private organizations by the score for passing such London weekly illustrated newspapers carefully from hand to hand till at last each tattered copy reaches the *ultima thule* of Empire. Thus during the first weeks the office was inundated with enquiries from home, then from the Continent and Canada, then from the West Indies, then from South Africa, then from Australia and New Zealand, and now is the turn of the outposts. It has been an extraordinary revelation to me, and it stimulates me to further pains, now that I feel justified in multiplying THE SPHERE'S confessed circulation by twenty.

The Surprise Party.—The tennis season, with its hopes and triumphs and disappointments, is a thing of memory long since. But let me hark back a moment and quote ancient history. Here is what polite America and the *New York Times* thought of America's defeat by Britain in the Davis Cup. It is so good for us to see ourselves as America sees us.

"Try to consider it calmly. A chap goes to London and runs into a thick fog. Well, he expected it. That's all right. He goes into a British hotel and orders a meal. The service is poor. The meat is cold mutton. The coffee is evidently composed of three-parts rainwater, one part leather scrapings, and one part iron filings. The tourist says 'So this is England,' and shrugs his shoulders. There can be no complaint. This is exactly as per schedule.

"But he doesn't expect Lord Nelson to jump down off his column and fetch him a crack on the skull. He doesn't expect the Lord Chief Justice to leap out of a brougham, grab his straw hat, and kick it around Piccadilly Circus. He doesn't expect the Prince of Wales to climb up a cellarway and bite him on the ankle.

"So it was with our unsuspecting tennis champions. The British are great people for custom and tradition. Our lads had romped through at Wimbledon. They had defeated Bunny Austin and Fred Perry here and abroad. They were going to defeat them again and then move on to wrestle with the French for the Davis Cup. It was all arranged. The programme was set. And then—horror of horrors!—the ambush, the massacre! A betrayal of trust! Our faith in England will never be the same again. They did the unexpected."

THE OLD STAGER.

HAPPY HOURS

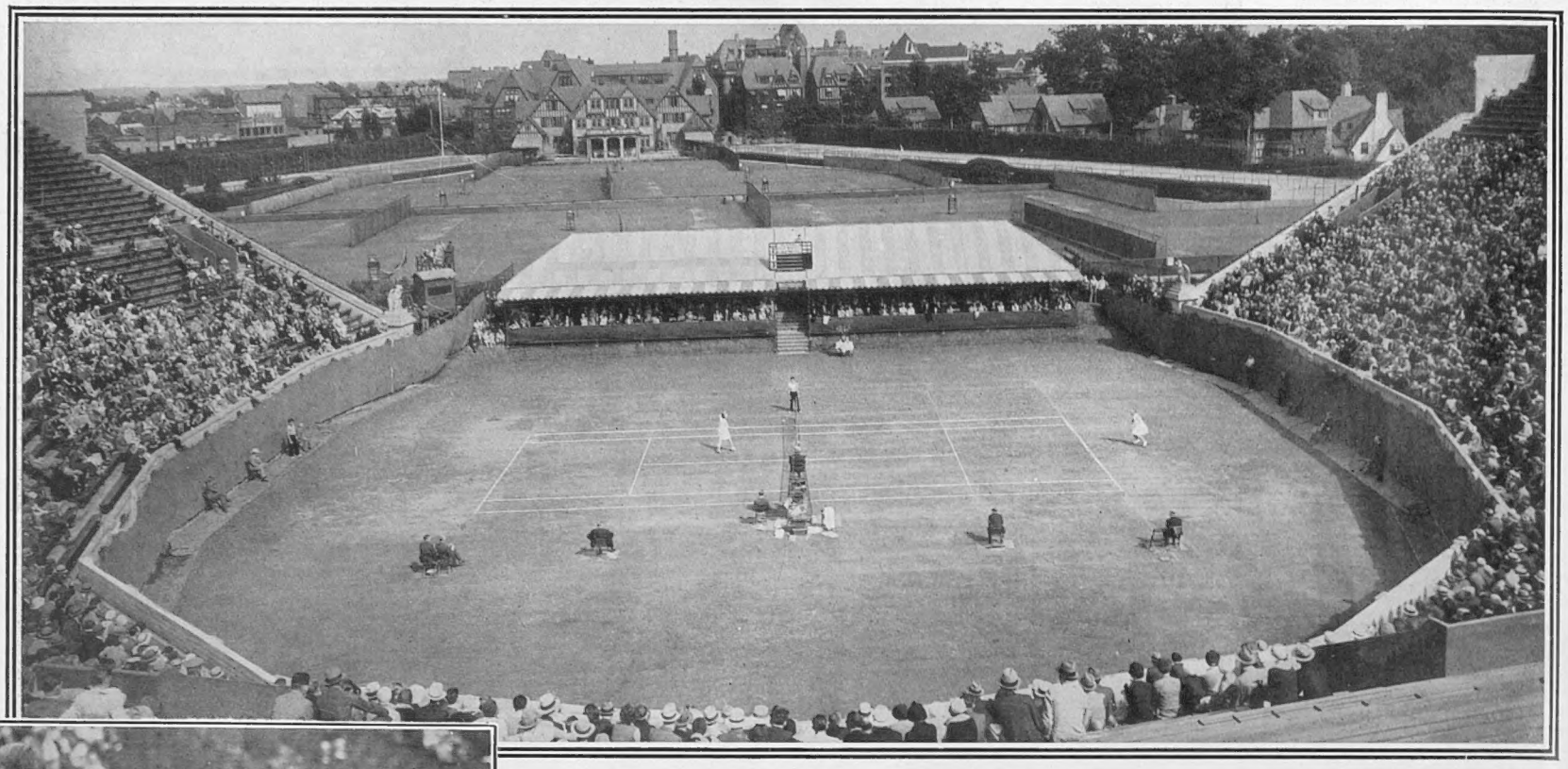
When the Fleeting Sun has Shone

"THE BOYS OF THE YOUNG BRIGADE". Master Donald Younger of Lochiel with his brothers, Master Allen and Master Charles, with Master Allen Cameron. This group of "braw laddies" was taken at the Highland Gathering at Lochaber, which was one of the few functions to enjoy good weather during this ill-fated summer

THE HIGHLAND GAMES AT LOCHABER: Miss Marion MacDonald and Mr. Sanders watch the famous sport of tossing the caber during one of the few sunny hours this summer has provided

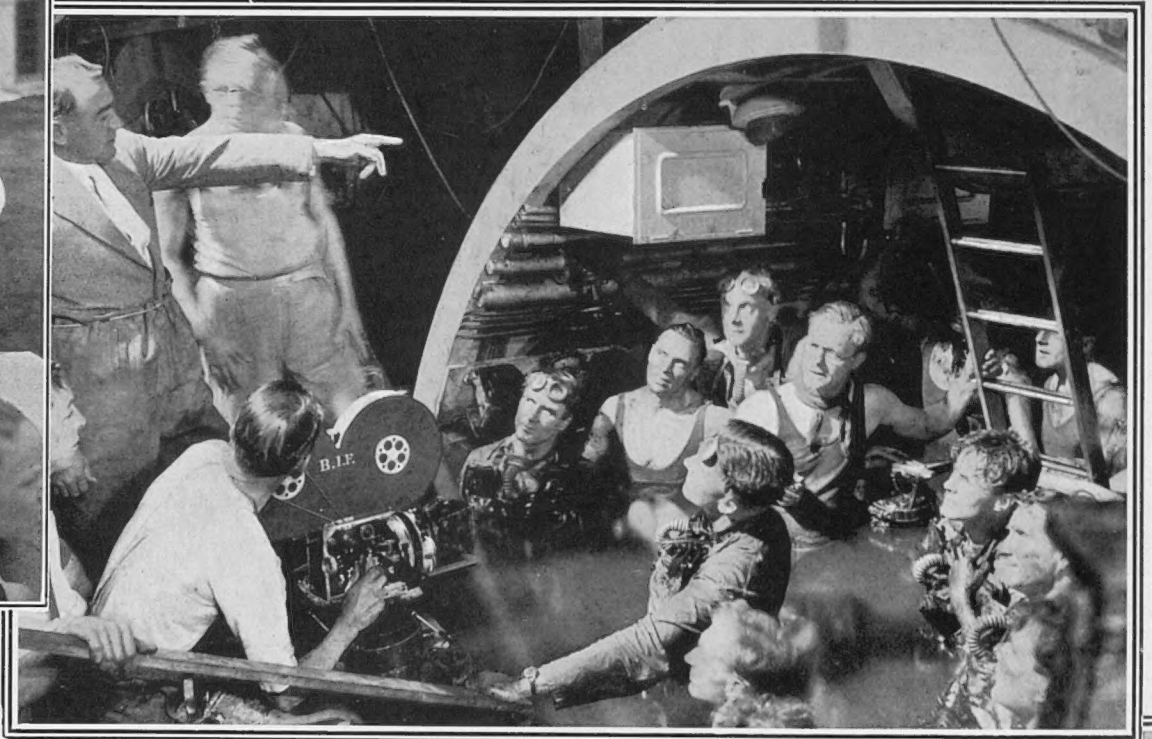
THE GIRL WHO PUT THE "GRIN" IN LOHENGRIN! A cheery little holiday-maker at Scarborough with her inanimate but mobile playmate welcomes the return (at long last!) of summer weather

PICTORIAL NEWS *from* ANGLO-SAXONDOM



HELEN RESUMES HER THRONE: Mrs. Wills-Moody, who did not defend her title in England this year, has resumed her sovereignty over the Centre Court at Forest Hills. She defeated in the final by 6–4, 6–1 Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall (Miss Eileen Bennett) who, much to everyone's surprise, "outed" Miss Betty Nuthall in an earlier round

HER MAJESTY LOOKS ON: Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody watches the National Championships at Forest Hills



THE CRASH ON THE TRAMLINES; The French air liner, *Normandie, en route* back to Croydon after forced landing on the road. *Inset above*—AN HEROIC ADVISER: C. P. O. Willis, the hero of the *Poseidon* disaster, visits Elstree to advise on the technical production of the realistic submarine film now under construction at Britain's Hollywood. The artistes in this film had to stand waist-deep in water for hours at a time

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SUCCEEDING "LIDO" LANSBURY: The Marquess of Londonderry, First Commissioner of Works

SUCCEEDING DR. ADDISON: Sir John Gilmour, Minister for Agriculture and Fisheries, takes over his office

SUCCEEDING MAJOR ATTLEE: The Marquess of Lothian, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster

THE NEW GOVERNMENT AT WORK

How the National Ministers of Economy Began Their Unpleasant but Necessary Duties

by

CHARLES T. KING

(Past Chairman of Parliamentary Lobbyists)

The first thing that each new Minister did last week when appointed to the new National Government was to go to Buckingham Palace and receive his seal of office from the King. All authority in this country is derived from the Crown.

A seal of office is a small metal object graven with history and is the instrument of the authority of the Minister who is made the head of a department of State. The moment the King hands the seal of office to a Minister, and he carries it out through the gates of Buckingham Palace in a red case, he is vested with new and far-reaching power.

The next thing that each new Minister did was to go to his department round about Whitehall to be introduced to the principal acting civil servant, namely the Permanent Under-Secretary. After this he was introduced to the chief officials of each section of his department.

Of course some of the members of the new Cabinet needed no such introduction. For instance, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald simply stayed on in the post he already occupied, namely that of Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury. He merely remained at 10, Downing Street, that historic home of first Ministers of the Crown which was occupied by Sir Robert Walpole during his long premiership in the eighteenth century and which all subsequent Prime Ministers of England have, so to speak, inherited from him.

Mr. Philip Snowden, of course, simply remained on at 11, Downing Street, as before, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Round the corner at the Home Office, Sir Herbert Samuel, the new Home Secretary, needed little introduction for he was Liberal Home Secretary some years ago.

Lord Sankey, the Lord Chancellor, merely continued in his old post.

We next come, however, to a really new Minister, namely the Marquess of Reading. Formerly M.P., Attorney-General, Lord Chief Justice of England, and Viceroy of India, Lord Reading went to Buckingham Palace, received his seal of office from the King, brought it away in a little red case, went to the Foreign Office, and began work as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. With his enormous experience of men and things, Lord Reading fitted at once into the work in the corner of the great building which overlooks on the one side Downing Street and the green foliage of St. James's Park, and on the other side gives upon the grey stone quadrangle which has long been the parking-place of the barouches, landaus, broughams, and motor cars of Ambassadors and Ministers of all nations.

Cabinet Ministers are human. Sometimes a Minister entering upon the political headship of a Department of State brings with him some little familiar or much-loved thing, or makes some alteration in the furnishing of the quiet room from which he directs, for good or ill, the energies of his office. Sometimes an incoming Minister will bring a beautiful vase for a shelf, some ornament for his desk or table, a painting or a photograph of his wife or of some loved child, and this cherished face will gaze out upon him from its frame, lending to him a family or human touch as he works.

Sometimes a chair used by his predecessor does not do for him. Sometimes the incoming Minister needs the light of a different lamp to illuminate the page on which he writes his fateful fiats.

Lord Reading, to continue the case of an individual example, made no such changes at the Foreign Office. He readily accepted the same large chair and the same lamp as those used by his predecessor, Mr. Arthur Henderson.

It used to be a delightful little way with some Government office permanent officials to become so attached to some fine old chair or beautiful period cabinet that on retiring on age limit they annexed these things and had them sent home. I remember the time when this practice was stopped.

Mr. J. H. Thomas occupies a former office as Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs, and is coupling with this the post of Colonial Secretary, and Mr. Neville Chamberlain as Minister of Health simply goes back, of course, into his old room at the Ministry of Health. Likewise, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, the new President of the Board of Trade, who was in that post in Mr. Baldwin's Administration, re-enters his former office.

Lord Crewe, who has become Secretary of State for War, has been among other things Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Privy Seal, Colonial Secretary, Secretary of State for India, President of the Board of Education, and Lord President of the Council, the last named being the office to which Mr. Baldwin, formerly Prime Minister, has now been appointed in the new National Government. For some queer reason or other the cartoonists, years ago, suddenly fixed on Mr. Baldwin a pipe and the erroneous idea that he is an exceptionally big pipe smoker. Mr. Baldwin enjoys an occasional pipe in moderation. The "funny hat" of Mr. Churchill is, of course, a myth perpetuated by cartoonists in fun.

Mr. Baldwin has had a long Whitehall training. Whatever may happen concerning political parties or warring groups, we usually follow the sound principle of not appointing a man to the Cabinet until he has had long experience in departments of State.

However, Mr. Baldwin, on his return last week to the Cabinet room over which he once so long presided as Premier, found several changes in that inner chamber of secrets. Since he left the Cabinet in 1929 a new smaller table has been introduced at the garden end of that serene, pillared room, and this is useful for the reception of documents called for at times from all State departments. (Ministers are combing the departments for economy purposes now—very severely.) Further, Mr. Baldwin found that a new library had been begun in the Cabinet-room. Until about a year ago I noticed that the books along the walls of the Cabinet-room consisted mainly of dull volumes of Parliamentary debates! There is being added now a gradually growing collection of more interesting books written by past and present Cabinet Ministers.

Each of the new Ministers will have a room of his own at the House of Commons. Mr. MacDonald's and Mr. Baldwin's rooms are behind the Speaker's Chair, almost within a step of the Debating Chamber. Some of the others are up or down various funny little staircases and corridors round by the ladies' tea-room, and near the Parliamentary barber's saloon, where experts dress the hair of men and women M.P.s.

In the Debating Chamber itself, when, in a few days, Parliament resumes work for the forcing through of emergency legislation, a vast change will be seen. The Treasury Bench on the Speaker's right hand will be occupied by Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Baldwin, Sir Herbert Samuel, Mr. Snowden, and others, a medley of Conservatives, Liberals, and Labour men seated on one green-upholstered bench side by side in unity.

At their back, and lining the seats on the same side, will be the big army of Conservatives and the fifty odd Liberals, united in economy policy. Opposite, on the Front Opposition bench, will be Mr. Arthur Henderson and other ex-Ministers, and the huge deep bass cohorts of Labour will be ranged on their side—a grim and formidable Opposition against the Government.

It will be necessary for the Conservatives and Liberals to attend daily in full numbers or the new National Government may be unable to force through to the Statute Book all those economic changes that need legislation. The Opposition, namely the Socialist rank and file, will be big, vocal, resourceful, and bitter. I expect wild scenes—unless they tone down.

With these changes in Whitehall and with this huge Opposition ranged determinedly against them in Parliament, the new National Government begins its short, unpleasant but, unhappily, essential task of placing heavy additional burdens on the purses of rich and poor.

SUCCEEDING MR. TOM SHAW: The Marquess of Crewe, Minister for War. The influx of the aristocracy into the National Government is extremely noticeable after the recent Socialist personnel

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS: An effective ensemble on the 200 ft. stage on which *Götterdämmerung* is produced

WAGNER ALFRESCO

Above Zoppot, in Danzig Free State, the dense forest opens out suddenly into a glade, big enough for some thousands to assemble. Here, among the trees, under the stars, Zoppot holds its annual opera festival, dating from 1908. This year the "Ring" operas—*Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung*—are being presented.

The "stage" is formed by the natural configuration of the ground, and has turf for its floor and growing trees to form part of the scenery. The woody hill itself is the "back-cloth," the whole forming an ideal setting for Wagner, the natural acoustics being perfect. During *Walküre* I tested this by listening at different points, and the three-gulden "standing-up seats" can hear as well as the fifteen-gulden stalls.

THE FORGING OF THE SWORD: Mime, the dwarf, and Siegfried in the cavern forge

Warning is given by a trumpet call when each act is shortly to begin. A high, leafy "curtain" on gigantic frames hides the 200-ft. wide stage. The trees are visible above this and, during the storm motive in the *Walküre* overture, unseen hands made them sway to the imaginary wind, with true German thoroughness.

I had expected something good, but I must own that I was surprised by the excellence and magnificence of the production. The orchestra, numbering 116, was formed of the augmented Berlin Symphony Orchestra, The conductors, Drs. Pfitzner and Von Schillings, are at the head of their calling, and the artistes are among the best in Germany.

The stage arrangements were most skilful. The natural scenery is assisted by rocks, which I found, on a private exploration next day, to be of canvas, running on rails let into the turf. The lighting, which is superbly managed, is done by footlights, other lights among the rocks and trees, and three powerful limes from high towers in the trees behind the audience. The fire scene at the close of *Walküre* made a wonderful picture. As Wotan touched the rock with his spear it burst into smoke which reddened into flame, until the whole scene was apparently ablaze, with Wotan seen dimly on the height. The effect is attained by the discharge of partially condensed steam, appropriately lighted.

THE GREAT DUET: Hunding and Sieglinde in *Die Walküre*

Altogether the Opera Festival is worth crossing Europe to see. The singing was fine—that goes without saying—but the great point was that every note and syllable could be heard distinctly. Wagner is pleasantly free from those scenes in which about six people stop in the middle of a murder or a battle to sing, one against the other, in different phrases. I must confess that those scenes quickly reduce me to helpless laughter.

But Wagner is robust and straightforward and, at any rate, to my untutored mind, grand. The love song of Siegmund in the first act of *Walküre* ("Winter storms have waned in the moon of May") is beautiful and haunting, and when the talkie-producer hears of this Ring stuff he is certain to have it made into a theme song.

In spite of anxious times and rather threatening weather, 6,000 people saw *Walküre*, and still more were expected for *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung*.

G. F. Naylor

THE GERMAN ST. GEORGE: Siegfried slays Fafner. The rock by the sword is the amplifier for the basso of Fafner

SEEN BEST FROM THE RIVER: The beauty and proportion of Sir Ernest Baker's new buildings are best admired from the water

GREEN TREES: Leaving Cadogan Pier one gets an impression of greenery

TAXIS on the THAMES

A few days ago a friend asked me if I had been in one of the Thames taxis. When I said "No," I was immediately told "Oh, you must go. They are the greatest thrill in London."

So I went. And they are a thrill. But they have much more to offer than just the thrill of speed. Never anywhere in London have I breathed so much fresh air into my lungs. I returned to dry land feeling as if I had spent a day at the seaside. But don't let me give you the impression that when you go in a Thames taxi you need thick clothes and a mackintosh. You sit low in the boat and the spray flies away out behind, and, although I had a dose of fresh air such as I did not believe London possessed, I was not cold.

IN THE POOL: The maze of shipping—tugs, barges, and cargo boats—to be dodged

Thames taxis run a regular service from Cadogan Pier, Chelsea, to Westminster, and from there to the Tower, the total distance being covered in twelve minutes. What a saving of time for the business man! The single fare for the whole distance is 2s. 6d.; 1s. 6d. from Chelsea to Westminster, and 1s. 6d. from there to the Tower. And there are special cheap fares for the business rush hours.

But whether you want to get quickly to your work or not, a trip in these speed-boats is an interesting and exhilarating experience. Not only because of the fresh air and the thrill of rushing through the water, but because this trip down the river opens up a new London. Most of us know the river from Chelsea to the Houses of Parliament, or even as far as Blackfriars Bridge, because we have motored along the Embankment. But below that our idea of what happens along the river banks is very vague. Even at the Chelsea end you have new and unexpected views from the river.

Leaving the Cadogan Pier, my first impression was of green trees. On the right Battersea Park, on the left the Apothecaries' Garden, and then the gardens of Chelsea Hospital. It is almost like being in the country. Then comes Lambeth Palace, and opposite it those two new buildings of Sir Ernest Baker's, Thames House and Imperial Chemical House, which need to be seen from the river to be fully appreciated. One is too close to them as a rule to realize their fine proportions. Then, of course, come the Houses of Parliament and the County Hall, and farther down Somerset House.

Once under Blackfriars Bridge and I found myself in a new world. Wharves stretching on either hand where ships are busy loading and unloading, with fine old buildings and several new ones on the left bank sandwiched in between the wharves. Some of these I knew vaguely, having had a glimpse of them while being hurried over a bridge in a train or a taxi. But of none of them had I had an uninterrupted view.

THE COUNTY HALL, with its new wing, flashes past as one drives down the river in a water-taxi

And then there is the life of the river which is fascinating in itself, barges, tugs, cargo boats to be dodged and passed.

Now while London is being illuminated, Thames taxis are running until midnight. There will be a great deal to see on the Thames and no better way of seeing it.

These taxis can also be hired for special trips at £2 an hour, and as they travel so fast one sees much in the time.

M. I. Batten

SPRAY MISSES THE PASSENGERS: One sits perfectly dry in the water-taxi despite its speed

BERLIN'S *Garden* SCHOOL

The Little-Known Open Air Laboratory, Garden, and Zoo

THE REPTILE ENCLOSURE: Tortoises and ringed snakes in the Schulgarten. Inset on right *is one of the tortoises regarded by the children above*

THE "TERRARIUM": The Schulgarten *is equipped both with an aquarium and what is known as a* Terrarium — *an enclosure for studying various growths of the earth*

"I KNOW, TEACHER"! The botanical class at the Schulgarten *is well informed on the recognition of various plants*

YOUTHFUL INTEREST IN ANTIQUITY: The Schulgarten *has much of its space devoted to a geological section wherein many relics of the ancient world are preserved. There are fossilized shells dating from Paleozoic times —* Ammonhörner *(named from their resemblance to the horns of Amon). Classes are also held in the* Schulgarten

THE STRATA OF THE EARTH: One of the most fascinating sections of the Schulgarten

The Berlin School Garden is still unknown, not only to the majority of Berlin residents, but also to the greater part of the schools themselves. The school garden, of an area of 160 morgen (a morgen = about one acre), lies in the north of Berlin near Blankenfelde. Here the flowers are raised which are used in a large part of the Berlin schools for drawing and botanical instruction. But the School Garden also contains its own rich material for exhibition in its own conservatories and in open air sections where are shown the various varieties of the German forests, the sandhills, the river landscapes, and the coast. Also grounds for wild animals at liberty and an aquarium are provided as well as a geological exhibit which shows drawings and representations of the earth's crusts. This almost undiscovered School Garden is, unfortunately, visited by only one third of Berlin's schools in the course of the year.

A NEW CITY ARISES IN LONDON: An aerial view of Westminster, which reveals the astonishing growth of modern architecture in this historic district. In the foreground are the twin blocks of Thames House, and beyond the new Lambeth Bridge is the I.C.I. building. In the middle distance is the Underground Railway building

OVERHEAD LONDON

FORESHORTENED MAGNIFICENCE: An overhead view of St. Paul's taken from the *Graf Zeppelin*. The perpendicularity of the angle from which it was recorded can be estimated by the fact that the façades of the houses can only barely, the sides of the buses cannot, be seen

FORDING A MOUNTAIN TORRENT: The great Siachen Glacier occupies a gigantic area; and on its surface precipitous streams take their courses. The Dainelli Expedition is here seen crossing one such rivulet

ON THE SIACHEN GLACIER: The desolate landscape of the Himalaya Hinterland

TRANSPORT DIFFICULTIES *in the* HIMALAYAS

Striking Pictures from the **Dainelli Expedition** on the **Siachen Glacier**

AVALANCHE IN THE HIMALAYAS: A remarkable record of the instant when the huge chunk of frozen snow tore loose from the mountain face to hurtle fatally down into the valley below. In "The Sphere" of August 15, a large picture of the Siachen Glacier, and a record of the Dainelli Expedition was published

THE SHELTER OF THE ONA TRIBE: The windshield erected by the Foot Indians. The Yaghan tribe—the Canoe Indians—use cone-shaped huts

THE MOST SOUTHERLY PEOPLE IN THE WORLD

Three distinct Fuegan tribes—the Yaghans, Alacalufs, and Onas—were the objectives of the expedition. The most southerly of the Fuegans, and indeed the most southerly people in the world, are the Yaghans. Isolated among the archipelagos of the tip of the South American continent, they have received little stimulus to advancement. Half a century ago they numbered more than 3,000. Now fewer than 50 survive. They are a dying people, without the slightest desire to increase, and they are content to live on the chance of what a day may bring forth

STUDYIN

The Centenary Year

It it almost one hundred years since the historic voyage of *The Beagle* with the young Darwin aboard was made among the islands and seaways in the far solitudes of Tierra del Fuego, the home of several primitive tribes of Indians. As a young girl, reading Darwin's graphic account of his adventures among those "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," I was greatly fascinated. It may be that I had never forgotten the impression made upon me by *The Voyage of The Beagle*, but whatever the urge, outward or inward, when towards the end of 1929 the late Sir Baldwin Spencer, Australia's most learned and best-known ethnologist, suggested undertaking new work among the primitive and fast-dying race in the far southern islands of Tierra del Fuego, off the coast of South America, and invited me to accompany him as his secretary and under his guidance to work among the Indian women, I was overjoyed at the prospect. Little did I think that the expedition would be fraught with so much tragedy and sadness; but since I have been able to reflect more calmly on those dreadful days I realize how in harmony it was with the ideals of a great anthropologist that he should die at his work among a rude and primitive people in a distant land known to a few white men only.

Magallanes was our jumping-off place for the lonely Fuegan archipelago. It is the most southerly town in Chile, standing on the Straits of Magellan. From Magallanes you can look across the water to Tierra del Fuego and you can see the tops of the snow mountains that form the southern end of the Fuegan Andes. Magellan, according to tradition, named the land Tierra del Fuego, from the flickering camp fires of the Indians seen from the deck of his ship.

There are three distinct Fuegan tribes—the Yaghans, Alacalufs, and the Onas. The Yaghans and Alacalufs spend their time on the water, and are known as "Canoe Indians." The Onas, having neither canoes nor horses, are termed "Foot Indians." Sir Baldwin Spencer had planned to work more east among the Onas, on Tierra del Fuego. My mind wanders back to the quick, purposeful way in which plans were changed when he learned that a few old Yaghans, who with the Alacalufs are the most degraded of all the tribes, were alive and roaming the desolate bays along the Beagle Channel. That the winter was coming on, and the country more or less impassable, mattered not to Sir Baldwin if he could run to earth the remnants of this almost extinct tribe.

The only means of transport for this journey appeared to be a small schooner of 40 tons, the *Fortunato Viego*, then bobbing and rolling at anchor in the Bay of Magallanes. She looked distinctly inadequate for such stormy seas. We embarked on the schooner for the journey to Ushuaia, on the Beagle Channel. The passenger quarters consisted of a small saloon, in which we ate and sat by day and slept by night. The trip, which took four days, was a nightmare, for some of the passengers were violently seasick and others were revolting in their general appearance and behaviour. But for the Professor's philosophic calm the situation would have become quite impossible.

Our way was through a succession of channels, walled in by immense snow-covered mountains. Condensed vapour from the perpetual snow makes visibility bad, but we caught a fleeting glimpse of the peaked beauty of Monte Sarmiento, a dazzling sight. In the Cockburn Channel the peaks, especially Mount Darwin, were more stark and terrifying. Here the great Romanche glaciers, coming down from the immense fields of snow and ice, seemed to drop perpendicularly into the sea. The colours were exquisite, soft turquoise blue veiled with snow, the crevasses a deep royal. We witnessed one huge avalanche empty itself into the sea with a colossal roar. The buoys and beacons in the Beagle Channel cannot be relied upon. They are small; in fact, often invisible at only short distances. But our captain knew the channel and every rock in it. The Beagle, although narrowed in places by islets and rocks, has an average width of a mile and a half. Lined by permanently snow-capped mountains, 3,000 to 4,000 ft. high, it is most impressive. The timber at the base of these mountains is dark, deepening to almost black in colour, snow draped to about the middle. They looked like the tents of Israël, this pyramid effect continuing until we glided into Ushuaia. This is a tiny settlement on the north shore of the Beagle Channel. It is the headquarters of the Government of the Argentine portion of Tierra del Fuego, and contains a penal settlement.

BENT BY THE WIND: Trees on a coast line are frequ... prevailing wind. This tree, bent nearly double, ... attests the potent storms traditional to Cape Horn

And this is the land of the Indian. Here, and in particular in the storm-swept islands surrounding Tierra del Fuego, the Yaghans share their last homes with the famous giant Onas, who rank as one of the tallest peoples in the world.

Continuing south to Navarin Island we met Yaghans for the first time. During the winter months they lead a nomadic life in small family parties, ever moving from place to place in their canoes after game existing on shellfish or anything they are lucky enough to kill for food. The most southerly people in the

THE VESSEL OF THE VOYAGE: *Fortunato Viego*, the 40-ton schooner used by Sir Baldwin Spencer during his last scientific investigations

On right is *The Renalto*, a small craft used by the expedition. Immediately after this picture was taken the craft was pounded to pieces

G a DYING RACE

Darwin's Historic Journey to Tierra del Fuego

Sees the Publication of a Narrative of the Fateful Expedition Led by the Late Sir Baldwin Spencer to Navarin Island. This First-Hand Account is

By JEAN HAMILTON

Who Accompanied the Expedition

world are the Yaghan tribe. Isolated among the archipelagos of the tip of the continent they have received little stimulus to advancement. They are undoubtedly a dying people without the slightest desire to increase, content to live on the chance of what the day may bring forth. They are without any form of government and possess not even the rudiments of agriculture. In the simplicity of the arts of life the Fuegan comes nearest the Australian aborigine, and their last remnants eke out a miserable existence as huntsmen, building their toldos (wigwams) on lonely bays where the white man has not yet established himself.

To every passing schooner or cutter the Indians come out from the shore to barter their wares. They exchange otter skins for clothing, food, or drink, which reduces them to primitive savagery in a very little time. Pleasant mingling develops into argument, argument into quarrel and sometimes into murder. When an Indian commits murder he runs away into the forest, becomes an outcast, and is abandoned by all. Every man's hand is against him and sooner or later he is killed. A great hubbub in our Indians' camp occurring one day just before sunset revealed the fact that two murderers at large were prowling the mountains on Navarin Island. Their footprints had been detected in a fresh fall of snow not far away from the camp. The dogs had howled all night and excitement was intense. The murderers had successfully evaded justice for eighteen months and were said to have become desperately wild and daring. The forests deep in snow and the rivers and lakes frozen over made not only shelter difficult but food harder to procure. Theirs was a tragic tale. They were Indians each aged less than twenty years and, while under the influence of drink, they had murdered a comrade. Terrified at the result of their action they had left the body and fled in customary fashion into the mountains. Their fate was only a matter of time.

...torted by the ceaseless pressure of the ...en assailed by the south-west gales, and ... bitter climate of the ultimate south land

CANOE INDIANS: A Yaghan family in their traditional bark coracles or canoes. A model of such a craft, collected by Sir Baldwin Spencer, is now in the Melbourne Museum

Our headquarters on Navarin Island were on the farm of Mr. K. Williams at Rio Douglas. At night the Yaghans of our camp, with little on them in the way of clothing, slept round their camp fire, coiled up like animals on beds made of sheep and guanaco skins. To strangers they appear taciturn, even sullen; but Sir Baldwin was not long in inspiring confidence in the reticent savages, who at first when interrogated about their past appeared neither to know nor to care. In connection with the curious beliefs and ceremonies current among these tribes, he was interested to note the various parallelisms between their rites and those of the Central Australian aborigines with whose habits he was so well acquainted. Each has its ceremonial upon the death of a member of the tribe based on superstition and some kind of belief, apparently in evil spirits. Though of the Indian at least it cannot be said that he has any actual belief in a survival—*tierra no mas*—the grave is the end.

One such ceremonial is the death dance which proceeds somewhat in this way: all march carrying long poles about 6 ft. and painted red, with these they beat time during the death chant. A circle is formed and a relative of the dead man jumps into the centre of the ring brandishing his long red pole, the others follow jumping in and out, and marching round and round for about fifteen minutes. After that they drop their poles, and in pairs walk off talking earnestly to one another, each with his hand on his companion's shoulder. They return, pick up their poles, and continue the dance, chanting, jumping, and marching. After the ceremony all the sticks used must be burnt.

NAVARIN ISLAND on which the Baldwin Spencer Expedition made their researches. It lies between Cape Horn and the mainland of Tierra del Fuego

THE GLACIER OF THE SOUTH: Romanche Glacier, Mount Darwin, Beagle Channel, one of the most impressive of Tierra del Fuegan sights, with its brilliance of lustre and its play of colour

Among the Yaghans in the past nearly every old man was a wizard or medicine man, but occasionally an old woman exercised this office. In the event of an illness a powerful wizard is called. He declares the patient to be suffering from an ill which an enemy has passed on to him by hitting him with an arrow. After all kinds of massage, conjurations, and incantations he produces the arrow—which he has previously hidden somewhere—from the patient's body, thus magically healing him. The aspirants for medical tuition assemble in the "Yak-house," a special tent in the settlement, among the others in Puerto Mejelliones, a desolate bay farther north on Navarin Island, where the Chilean Government has made a reserve for the Indians. The tent is supported by poles painted red, and all those who wish to become wizards and sorcerers enter for training. The schooling lasts for four months. During this period the young students' powers of endurance are tested by the old men. No meals are taken during twelve hours of study, and only four hours' sleep are allowed each day. The student sits erect against the wall of the tent chanting and trying to imitate the old men. The basis of the system appears to be a clever combination of trickery and auto-suggestion. A young Yaghan in our camp was entered for training next year.

Like the white man, the Indian father is very fond of children, and the mother gives her offspring devoted care and attention. They are seldom, if ever, beaten by their parents. The children would play games together for hours outside the camp, and I never once heard them quarrel. The older ones entertained the babies. I was distributing sweets among them one day, and one wee piccaninny being asleep, I left the child's share by her side for her when she awakened. The mother touched my arm, and with much mirth tied a sweet which was wrapped in paper to a tiny plait of hair, sticking upright from the child's brow. The rest she put into its little hand. The children wore nothing underneath the rags which merely covered them, and nothing on their feet. Later, when the snow was 9 in. and 10 in. deep, they still played outside regardless of rain or the icy winds.

DRESSED FOR THE DEATH DANCE: Yaghan relatives of the dead are decorated with white bands on the cheek

Certain food taboos are observed. For example, a Yaghan boy in our Navarin camp would not eat the wings or breast of a shag, as he had special gift for catching birds, and he believedhe would lose this gift were he to eat these parts.

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

A Caustic Causerie on Matters of International Interest

RAMSAY MACDONALD —PATRIOT.— Labour-Socialism has failed in England. Labour has failed in Australia. Socialism has failed in Germany, in Austria. Communism, as conceived by Lenin and Trotzky, has failed in Russia. Fascism is still on trial in Italy. To put it bluntly, class politics which ignored the common welfare of the entire nation, and sought to benefit one political party and class at the expense of the rest of the people, has proven a failure everywhere. Sooner or later it must always prove a failure, whatever class or party may enter on such a course.

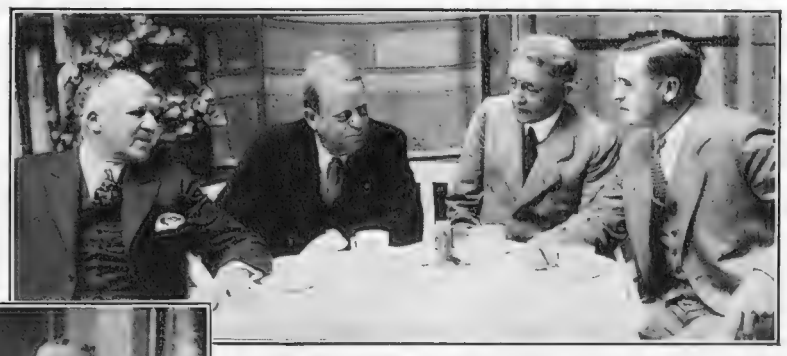
The British people once again, as many times before in their long history, have risen magnificently to a national emergency, placed country and Empire above party politics, and in our crisis set an example for the world.

The MacDonald Labour-Socialist Government collapsed from its own internal weakness. Their hesitation to grapple firmly with the ever-increasing national problems and their well-meant, but in the main negative, policies contributed to bringing England into the present crisis.

The Labour Cabinet has been succeeded by a Government of National Co-operation. Above the wreckage of the Labour-Socialist Government that has governed Britain for two years looms the figure of Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, who, deserted by most of his colleagues and by the political party he created, continues Britain's Prime Minister — a sad man. Whatever his mistakes he has shown himself to be a patriot. As Captain of the British Ship of State, he refused to abandon that ship in storm and stress and, at the behest of the King, remains on the bridge. His All Labour-Socialist crew, with two or three exceptions, has been replaced by Conservative and Liberal volunteers.

At this writing it would seem that Mr. MacDonald has wittingly doomed his own political future by defying the Labour Party of which he was the leader. Great as such a personal sacrifice may be, it is not too great a sacrifice for country. Of all nations, Britain is the least forgetful of services rendered, the least ungrateful.

The Government of Co-operation can only succeed where Labour failed if the country backs it up. Drastic economy, more taxation, seem inevitable. Those, too, have a limit.



AMERICA STUDIES THE PRISON SYSTEM OF GERMANY: The U.S.A. has ever been regarded as the paradise of criminals convicted and unconvicted, with its great "protected" crime rings and its hotel-and-health-resort amenities in gaols, where sports, concerts, cinemas, and wireless entertainments are held. Re-organization, however, is now the order of the day, occasioned by the Osbornites (who believe in even more leniency) on the one hand and, on the other, by those who regard the present ever-growing, never-receding U.S. crime wave as due to the lax prison *régime*. A commission, consisting of Judge Sullivan of Illinois, Lieut.-Governor Sterling, Senator Barr, and Senator Huebsch, has recently visited Berlin to study the probation and parole system in vogue in Germany. The commission is seen above in the Hotel Adlon, Berlin, whence they travelled through the country

HUNGARY'S NEW PREMIER: Count Karolyi, who has been appointed to his exalted office by Admiral Horthy, the Regent, after the resignation of Count Bethlen. The new Premier is a member of the ill-fated family famous in Habsburg history for its curse, uttered in the last century by the then Countess Karolyi, upon Franz Josef for the judicial murder of her son and the subsequent imperial equivocation that she should see him on a certain day—and his body was sent to her—a curse fulfilled in every single particular

A WORLD HERO.—In the Libyan hills and desert, far from the spotlight of the world press and the pictorial reporters of the cinema, an epic struggle is taking place.

Here on the edge of the Cyrenica section of Tripoli, in the fierce heat of an African sun and the biting chill of desert nights, Sheikh Omar Mouhtar, "Last of the Senussi," temporal and spiritual head of that famous fanatical, religious, militant Arab tribe, is making his "last stand."

Well over eighty years of age, with a white beard and dignity that the Prophet himself might have envied, his legs too weak and trembly to carry him, but still a fierce rider on camel or horse, the venerable Omar Mouhtar is endeavouring to halt the Juggernaut of civilization as represented by Mussolini and Italy. Cruelly, but inexorably, civilization with its machine-guns, artillery, and aircraft is beating him down.

The story of Sheikh Omar Mouhtar in the Libyan region is the story of Abd-el-Krim, who for years defied the Spanish and the French in Northern Morocco. His is the story, too, of Sultan Atrash, chieftain of the equally brave Druses, in the mountains of Syria against the French.

As newspaper correspondent, I was with General Primo de Rivera on the Spanish front against Abd-el-Krim's Riffian warriors, and later in Damascus in the fighting in and around that city between the French and the Druses and Syrian revolutionaries. The heroism and bravery of the Riffians and the Druses against overwhelming odds and modern weapons were sung around the world. The press is too full these days of the troubles and anxieties that are disturbing every nation to make a world hero of Sheikh Omar Mouhtar. Besides, little has been heard of his struggle, no less heroic and just as hopeless as those of Abd-el-Krim and Sultan Atrash. Our civilization against the remaining remnants of the past is just as inexorable as will be the Nemesis on our own trail, already overtaking.

For nearly twenty years Italy has been fighting in North Africa to conquer the desert tribes, but more especially the Senussi. In 1912 Enver Bey, dashing Turkish officer, later Enver Pasha, Minister of War, largely influential in swinging Turkey into the War against the Allies, was one of the military leaders of the Senussi against the Italians.

Officially, there is no longer war in Italy's North African colony. Many of the tribesmen have submitted to Rome's rule. The Senussi have been decimated, some have surrendered or are in concentration camps. The "war" is now designated "police measures."

Sheikh Omar Mouhtar, his thousands of warriors who once swept across the desert on horses and camels shrunken to between 500 and 700 irreconcilables, is making his last stand.

THE INEXORABLE ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION.—Against this little band of the faithful the Italian Vice-Governor of Cyrenica, General Graziani, has at his command between 6,000 and 8,000 troops and desert police. Sheikh Omar has become an invisible enemy in the defiles and hills. Raids with the stealth, suddenness, and unexpectedness of the Pathans and other tribesmen on the North-West Frontier in India attest the white-bearded Sheikh's undying hatred of the Italians. Scattered, the Italian aircraft cannot locate them, have no visible object to bomb. General Graziani is reported to have placed a reward of 200,000 lire on Sheikh Omar's head. The wives and children of his followers are behind barbed wire in the Italian "dislocation camps."

If a column of the Senussi are discovered by the Italians, they scatter and disappear like a mirage in the desert. Raids on small military detachments of Italians brought arms and ammunition. This has almost been stopped by counter-measures rendering Omar dependent upon the smuggling of munitions from Egypt through the desert.

Now the Italians have decided to build a barbed-wire barrier from Solun, on the Egyptian border at the coast, to the Oasis of Djerbub. This barrier is to be nearly 5 ft. high, about 25 ft. wide, and will stretch through the desert for 150 miles. Parallel with this barbed-wire entanglement barrier is to be constructed an automobile road along which fast military motor-cars will speed. It will cost millions of lire. But in this way it is hoped to shut off imports of arms, munitions, even reinforcements from Egypt for Sheikh Omar, and eventually pacify that part of Cyrenica where Omar and his Faithful, trusting in God and Muhammad, are keeping up a war against the infidel invaders.

As in the Grand Atlas of Southern Morocco, where I was in March this year, so here in the Djebel (mountains) of Cyrenica adventure such as even the cinema has not imitated may still be found.

ENNUI-DODGING ON THE DOLE: The serious economic conditions in Germany have precipitated so much unemployment that the Mayor of the Kreuzberg district of Berlin has organized the public parks as places where social life can be maintained among the out-of-work. To this end, tables and packs of cards have been civically provided and games of chance and skill are played by the many and watched by the more all day

A SEA-SICK SAILOR RACE. — Born in canoes, living their entire lives afloat, complaining of dizziness the moment they step on land, the Bajao Sea Gipsies are amongst the world's worst sailors. They suffer from hopeless, incurable, inherited sea-sickness. Sea-rovers for generations, of undetermined origin, their common rendezvous is a floating village anchored off Sitankal, the most southerly island of the Sulu peninsula. They sail the tropic, and often stormy, seas between Java and the Philippines. Generation after generation of the Bajaos have lived, founded large families, celebrated all their festivals, died, and been buried from the family canoe. Self-exiled from the land, Nature still denies them the fellowship of mermen and fishes, reminding them of their humanity by the unlifted curse of sea-sickness.

THE RAY OF LIFE.—Surpassing in fantasy the most far-fetched visions of scientific fiction are the possibilities suggested by the recent invention of Robert Pape, of Soest, Holland. Robert Pape has invented, constructed, and successfully demonstrated an apparatus generating ultra-short waves which form, after about ten days and within a radius of 20 metres from the machine, an electro-magnetic field, in area some 30,000 cubic metres, where no organic product can decompose.

The problem of cold storage, refrigeration, and preservation of perishable foodstuffs generally could be solved by Pape's invention, which, by means of the all-penetrating rays, converts, it is claimed, every room, nook, and corner of an entire building into the equal of a cold-storage, at present only to be maintained by costly plant.

"The Live Wave Syndicate," with headquarters in Mr. Pape's house at Soest, recently demonstrated to scientists and journalists that food on plates in various parts of the house, in the garret and in the garden, remained perfectly odourless and undecayed after they had been there for months. The correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* states that he saw new potatoes of June, 1930, a little bit discoloured, but which would still easily be scraped. Also eggs, broken on a plate several months before, a little dried, but not a sign of decay. Eggs in the shell stored in the house in May, 1930, were opened, and the yolk was beautifully yellow and without odour.

Dr. A. van Raalte, chief of the Amsterdam Meat Inspection Service, investigating on behalf of the Dutch Patent Council, reported that the acid percentage of milk which had been kept in the electro-magnetic field had not increased.

Galleries of the mummified past must seem crude beside the fantastic, if gruesome, picture of electro-magnetically preserved human specimens in posterity's Madame Tussaud's.

The SPHERE Surveys a Picturesque WORLD

Inset above—THE BOY SCOUTS OF JAPAN ON THE WATER: *Beiron*, or the fastest sampan, made a training cruise on the River Sumida manned by troops of the Tokio Marine Boy Scouts. The Boy Scout movement is one of the many Occidental activities that has swept Japan like wild-fire, to the great betterment of the health and self-reliance of the youth of the nation

THE PROCESSION OF JUGGERNAUT: The great Hindu idol at Puri dragged out by believers on its annual appearance. This ceremony of Juggernaut or Jaggannath (from the Sanskrit "Lord of the World") was at one time thought to be a festival of self-immolation; this is now considered erroneous, as the only "sacrifices" are accidents or voluntary but irreligious suicides

WHERE AGE BOWS TO YOUTH: A moment during the dances of Indo-China imported from Cambodia and organized at the Paris Exhibition. The Ministers, two of whom are grave, bearded figures, are seen making obeisance to their sovereigns, one of whom has all the freshness of youth, the other all the cynicism of age

NORTH-EAST AFRICA:

THE ENEMY OF THE ANT: A striking study of the Abyssinian Aard-Vark, an attractively grotesque and hideous beast

The Aard-Vark—whose name in *taal* means earth hog—is the only ant-eater with teeth. It has the long tubular mouth and Termite catching tongue characteristic of its species and is distinguished by large ears, a fleshy tail, and short and bristly hair. The short limbs are very muscular; on the forefeet are four, on the hind feet five powerful claws used in burrowing and excavating in the hills of the white ants or Termites that form its staple diet. Nocturnal in habit, inoffensive and timid in character, its usual tactics when attacked consist in burrowing with great swiftness out of sight; it is extremely difficult to dig it out. Over 1 ft. 9 in. of its 5 ft. of length is formed of tail. It dwells in a shallow burrow below the surface and creeps out at dusk. It is one of the most difficult beasts to photograph. Its flesh is considered a delicacy. There are three species of Aard-Vark—one in South Africa, one in Senegal, and one in South Nubia; they are affiliated to the Great Ant Eaters of Demerara—and are adduced as one proof of the validity of the Theory of Atlantis, the sunken continent joining Africa to Brazil

ASIA:

IN THEIR NATIVE ELEMENT: A great herd of water buffalo standing belly deep in a drinking hole between Tiberias and Migdal, Palestine

NATURE STUDIES from FOUR CONTINENTS

Close-up Impressions Recently Obtained by "Sphere" Correspondents

NORTH AMERICA:

MOTHER AND CHILD: A baby moose, one day old, with its mother by the Flathead River, Glacier National Park. The tender and attractive awkwardness of the newly born is brilliantly caught by the camera in this picture

SOUTH AMERICA:

JEWELS IN THE MUD: A phenomenon on the mud banks of the River of Doubt is the stupendous quantity of gigantic butterflies that make the grey surface seem a kaleidoscopic and magic mosaic. This picture was taken by Commander Dyott

ADVENTURING to SUCCESS

The First Volume of the Collected Somerset Maugham—and one Fine Novel

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

For the Collected Edition of his plays, the first volume of which Messrs. Heinemann have just issued at 5s., Mr. Somerset Maugham has written a preface. It will do much to keep alive the tradition that he is a cynic who is convinced that one cannot underestimate the intelligence of the public. Yet I insist that, at heart, Mr. Maugham is an incorrigible romanticist, a little afraid of being found out. The plays in the first volume of this Collected Edition are *Lady Frederick*, *Mrs. Dot*, *Jack Straw*. I agree with their author that they are rubbish, very successful rubbish, and I admire the courage with which, as a collector, he has included these first pieces in his long list of successful plays. As if fearful that we might suspect him of having any regard for these plays with which he first gained the ear of the public, a faithful ear for over twenty years, he has told us the story of their birth, death, and resurrection, and in addition has included an autobiographical chapter which may bring disaster to any young clerk ready to slip off his office stool in the hope of winning a fortune with a pen.

Strange as it may seem to anyone who has glimpsed the Mediterranean noon of Mr. Maugham's career, he was once desperately poor. In fact he even resorted to the tricks of a down-and-out adventurer. He raised money on a temporarily dud cheque by declaring he knew someone he did not know, and thereby inducing a ticket agency to book him a passage home from Naples. At Cook's, where his cheque was refused, he learned the first lesson of the adventurer, that to be a success one must be a first-class adventurer. He had made the mistake of asking for a second-class passage. At the next agency he applied for a first-class passage and got it, with five pounds in cash. Then on the boat he won the ship's sweepstake, and so was enabled to arrive in London with a shilling for his cab fare. The end of all these doubtful proceedings was a worthy one. He had come home from a holiday in Italy, to which he had bravely gone on the proceeds of a short story, thus boldly do the young and gifted live, in order to attend the production of his play, *Lady Frederick*. It was not his first play. One called *A Man of Honour* had been produced by the Stage Society, and led to nothing. He then seriously considered the field of drama, and what must be sown in it for a profitable crop.

"We were not gay, life was too grave for that; we were not light, our admiration for Ibsen had taught us to leave that to the French. We went the whole hog. Sometimes when I have been invited to a party in Chelsea and listened to the conversation of the cultured young I have wondered if it ever occurs to them that in our day we were just as silly as they."

Stifling his honourable scruples, he sat down and wrote a comedy called *Loaves and Fishes*. No luck. Then he wrote *Lady Frederick*. No luck. Then *Mrs. Dot*. No luck. Then *Jack Straw*. No luck. This, after writing with careful attention to all the ingredients that make up a popular play. But one day, in the casual manner of great events, someone decided to produce *Lady Frederick*. Hence that desperate journey home from Italy by an excited young dramatist. It was expected to run for six weeks, it ran for more than a year. After that Mr. Maugham took a life lease of the British theatre, with the results we all know.

Reading these three plays I now agree with their creator that they are tinsel. They are second-rate Oscar Wilde with a more plentiful peppering of preposterous epigrams. Here is all the claptrap of successful comedy. Rich interiors, titled people, respectful but eccentric servants, sudden legacies and matrimonial entanglements. And the epigrams; you can see the marks of the chisel where they have been cut into the dialogue.

"LADY SELINGER: Personally, I must walk. I sacrifice all my inclinations to my fear of getting too stout. I often wonder if we shall get our good dinners in Heaven that we've done without on earth."

"BLENKINSOP: It's generally understood that that we shall only get our deserts."

One can hear the actor pause for the laugh. There are much worse things than this, and out of some two hundred epigrams that stud the dialogue, perhaps five are worth resurrection, such as, "If servants wanted as good characters from masters as masters want from servants, I 'ave an idea that many gentlemen would 'ave to clean their own boots."

If I seem severe with these three plays it is on Mr. Maugham's recommendation as much as on my own opinion. And yet there was a time when I thought *Lady Frederick* the wittiest, cleverest, most delightful play of the English stage. I had thought that for some twenty years until Mr. Maugham was foolish enough to let me read the play in his Collected Edition. It makes me wonder whether the fault is in ourselves and not in our stars that we become incapable of enjoyment in our sophistication. For when I first saw *Lady Frederick* I was a youth, and the theatre was then to me a place of intense interest. I believed in the people on the stage, the situations with which they were confronted, the cleverness, the wit, the honesty of the dramatist. I was at an age when even the backcloth had a kind of reality, it was a garden in Surrey, a terrace on the Mediterranean, the library in Lord Hoodlum's town house. Now, alas, I have seen those backcloths rolled up, met the tawdry people of the stage, and read the preface to this Collected Edition in which Mr. Maugham gives himself and his tricks away. It is cruel, even while it is honest of him.

The actress I saw in the rôle of Lady Frederick, again thinking her the cleverest and most beautiful of all actresses, was Miss Mabel Love. I have never heard of her or seen her since. I hope I never shall, for at present she is ranked somewhere in my youthful memories with Duse and Sarah Bernhardt. I am grateful to Mr Maugham for not giving away his actresses and actors as he has given away himself and the British theatre. I like to keep the illusions of my youth. I would have liked to go on thinking that *Lady Frederick* was one of the great plays of the age. Now, it makes me afraid to read *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* for fear of the lath and plaster that perhaps hold it up instead of the marble that gave it such magnificence in my youth.

It would be unfair of course to take Mr. Maugham at his own valuation in this book, or his other plays in the Collected Edition at the valuation of these. If an author does not write better as he gets older there is no wisdom or compensation in time and the loss of one's youth. Mr. Maugham has held an unshakable and honourable position in the dramatic field that is not solely due to knowing how little the public wants, or by realizing the lowest common mentality of a theatre audience. If, as he confesses, he began that way, and these three plays support his contention, he has progressed by not writing down to his public, as subsequent plays have proved, such as *Our Betters*, *The Circle*, and *The Breadwinner*, all plays with the surgeon's knife in place of the buffoon's bladder. The young man who cashed a doubtful cheque in Naples some thirty years ago has won fame and fortune, and whether or not these are good influences in an author's life, the fact remains that Mr. Maugham has grown increasingly stern with himself and his technique as an artist. I know of no living writer with a stricter economy of words, a surer sense of emotion, a sterner conception of *hubris*. That such a writer should have emerged from the manipulator of the three plays in this first volume is a fact that must give hope to all beginners. It makes one wonder what the drama lost by the death of Wilde, who began with a similar success and scarcely less negligible fool-proof theatrical concoctions.

What a pleasure it is to find a good craftsman. In this literate age when every young lady with too much time on her hands, and every young fellow with belief in his own genius rushes with a novel into typescript, if not into print, the good is buried under an avalanche of mediocre work. Mr. James Hilton is a novelist I have never heard of and never before read. I regret my ignorance, for I see that he has written seven novels preceding this last, *And Now Goodbye* (Benn. 7s. 6d.). If any one of these is as good as his last then I have missed much pleasure and some very excellent work. It is seldom that one can recommend a novel without reservation, although it is an age when we are told that a masterpiece is born every Sunday—to fall dead every Monday. But if *And Now Goodbye* is not generally acclaimed as a very notable novel, then I can think of no other book published in the last twelve months worthy to succeed. He has taken the barest material and with tremendous force created an emotional crisis in the lives of two ordinary persons. One is a Nonconformist parson doomed to a life of littleness in a small provincial town. He is worn out in the task of conciliating the small minds that range around the organization of a little Bethel. Then one day he is involved in a train wreck, and awakes to find himself a newspaper-hero because of his gallantry amid the blazing carriages. The train wreck constitutes the prologue to the book, the remainder explains his conduct in that event. The skill of the construction, the slow elucidation of the story behind his heroism are only equalled by the strength of the writing and the extreme sensitiveness to human passions that emerge from every page of this notable book. The Reverend Howat Freemantle teaches German to a young parishioner, Elizabeth Garland. Then one day she disappears from the town. Rumour has it that she has run away with a cinema violinist, who has left a wife and children behind him. The outraged and very righteous parents, leading figures at the chapel, forbid their erring child the door. The Rev. Howat Freemantle, tortured with the fear of cancer, consults a London specialist and, the fear lifted from his mind, he encounters the truant Elizabeth in his elated mood. She has run away alone to follow her passion for music. She is off to Vienna to study the violin. The degree of Mr. Hilton's command of his technique and his knowledge of human motives may be judged from the fact that he makes the flight of the demure minister with Elizabeth twelve hours later not only probable but reasonable. The sequel must be discovered in this exceptional novel. Even in the subsidiary characters, such as the bluff doctor, the colourless wife, and the host of chapel-goers, Mr. Hilton is equally happy, and Miss Letitia Monks, the iron-willed old spinster who postponed her death with irritating frequency, is richly unforgetable. No wonder the Rev. Howat Freemantle, called in to pray at a deathbed that never justified its name, was sorely puzzled and unnerved. "What could you say to the Almighty by way of introducing an old lady of eighty-nine who was perfectly certain of going to Heaven, and equally certain that Heaven was full of marble and white tiles like a combination of underground convenience and fish shop? And all the time he was speaking he knew, too, that Miss Monks was listening with the air of a connoisseur."

This novel has the perfection of a work of art. Action, description, emotion, are perfectly blended. If this is not a fine novel then I have never read one.

Mr. Thomas Moult's *Saturday Night* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is not really a novel at all. It is a series of sketches, very loosely connected, which purport to present the life of London on a Saturday night. A deliberate formlessness, somewhat reminiscent of the less incomprehensible passages in the work of Don Passos, pervades Mr. Moult's narrative. But it is only one aspect of Saturday night that he appears to notice, the life, one should say, the presumed life, of the poor-clerk class. Even so I am certain no such people exist or talk as Mr. Moult would have us believe. Almost any example taken from the dialogue will demonstrate its utter falsity to life in any class. Thus Mark's mother—

"Darling Mark! Come here to me and give me a kiss. . . . Now go back and have some more black pudding. I couldn't think of such a thing. Yes, I know you were fourteen last month and are over school age, but I promised to let you stay on till next summer, and you certainly shall. Oh dear, if it hadn't been for that father of yours you would have gone to Denstone College as well, all of you in turn."

I am quite unable to believe in people who talk like Lyceum heroines and have a passion for black pudding and tripe and onions. And in this age of the dole and of "Friends of the Poor" societies only sheer sentimentalism could betray Mr. Moult into the sad scene of the little children around the dustbins.

BARGAIN BASEMENT (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.) is a notable novel just published. It is the work of "The Sphere" Book Reviewer, Mr. Cecil Roberts, and we cordially and confidently recommend it to our readers.—Editor.

Recommended List:

Famous Plays of 1931 (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.).—A collection of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "The Improper Duchess," "To See Ourselves," "After All," "London Wall," "Autumn Crocus." One first-class play, two good ones, and three attempts.

'Twixt Hell and Allah, *by Francis H. Waterhouse* (Sampson, Low. 8s. 6d. net).—More horrors of the Foreign Legion, by a member. The scene covers North Africa, the Sahara, and Damascus. A vivid, poignant narrative of heroism and horror.

Alone, *by Norma Lorimer* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net).—A novel of Morocco, with a thin overlay of International politics. Strong in local colour, but need Paul stoop to kiss her on the lips? A good story, nevertheless.

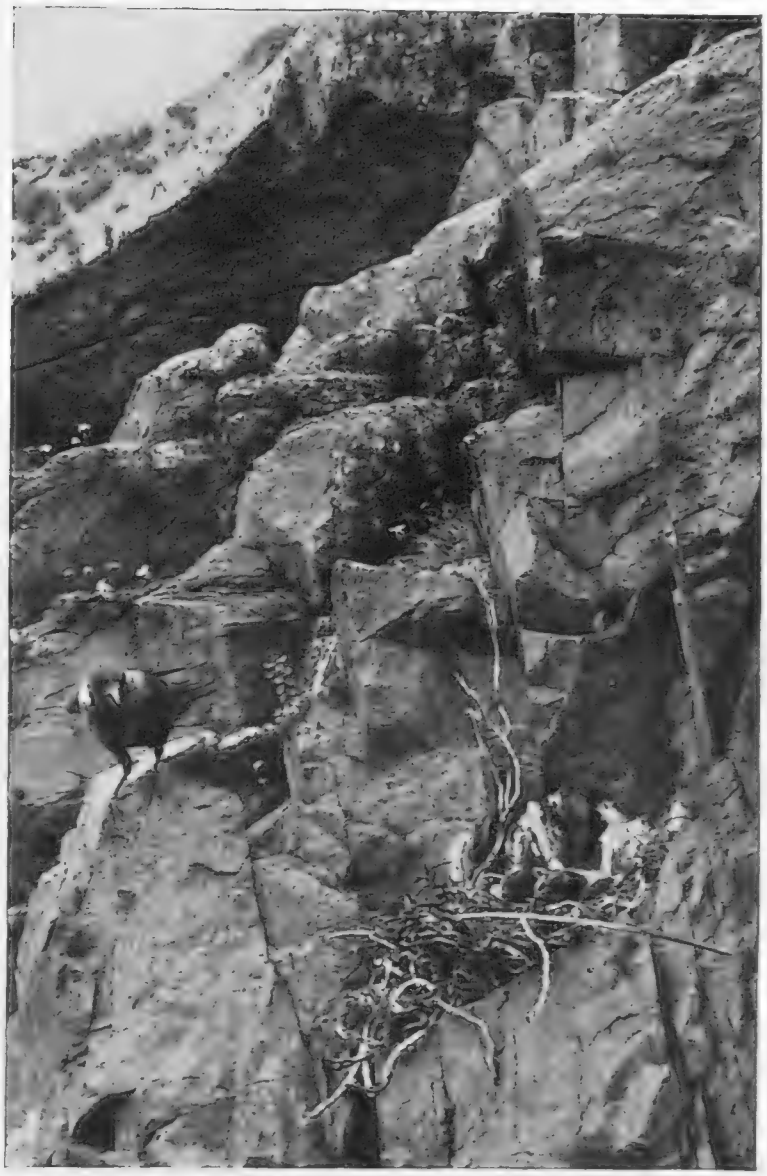
The Cads' Party, *by Concordia Merrel* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net).—A dissection of the Bright Young People, who are not so bright or young. A lively story of new-fashioned folly and old-fashioned love, in which the antique is again superior.

Spain in Revolt, 1814–1931, *by Joseph McCabe.*—An outline of the previous revolutions and political turmoil that have led up to the present revolt.

THE CHARM of the HEBRIDES

Recorded by SETON GORDON

"THE HOME OF THE GANNETS OF ST. KILDA, STACLÏI": The tiny island of Boreray, where but one family lives, is seen in the distance



"A CRAFTY HOODIE CROW APPROACHES HER NEST": This most timid and prudent of birds is extremely difficult to record by the camera

A calendar of the year in the Western Highlands is the form in which Mr. Seton Gordon has cast his latest volume entitled *In the Highlands* (just published by Cassells). Mr. Seton Gordon takes us far away to the outposts of those islands where one feels the deep heave and surge of the real Atlantic. On these lonely, rocky shores one can see with the author the seal pup lazily sunning itself, while overhead the fulmar petrel swings in the wind. The charm of these remote shores is caught in many of the illustrations, three of which we reproduce here, together with excerpts from the letterpress, by courtesy of Messrs. Cassell.

"By the end of the first week in August most of the guillemots and razorbills have usually left their nesting ledges. When the parents judge the young to be ready to leave they swim backwards and forwards on the water below them, but bring them no food to the ledge. The young at last become so hungry that they half fly, half fall, to the sea beneath. If the cliffs be lofty (as on Mingulay), a number of the young birds strike some ledge of rock in their fall and are killed, but casualties are few on the lower islands. During August many young guillemots and razorbills may be seen swimming about far from land with their parents, but almost all the young puffins disappear mysteriously. Perhaps they are strong enough to fly oceanward a considerable distance with their parents. . . .

"GOLDEN EAGLETS AT PLAY": The cunning of the adults of this species is shown in taking their young to and from different eyries in the event of danger

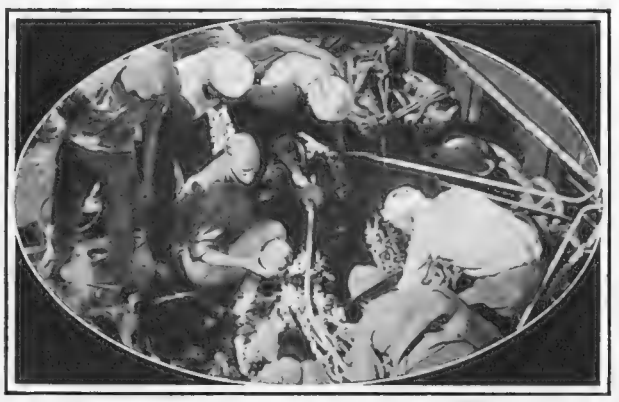
"There is no bird so wary as the grey or hooded crow. . . . To photograph a grey crow at the nest requires great patience. In early June my wife found a grey crow's nest on a ledge of rock only a few yards from the sea. The nest contained half-fledged young. We set up our hiding-tent some ten yards from the nest, leaving a bottle showing through the front of the hide, to represent the camera lens. The hide was left in position for two days in order that the crows should become accustomed to it. For five-and-a-half hours on the day that photography was first attempted my wife sat in the hide, her seat being a sharp rock. The three young crows 'craa-ed' until they were even hoarser than usual, but the parents were full of suspicions and did not once venture near the nest. Things were no better on the second day. When a sea-gull flew over, the young grey crows called hopefully to it, for they were seemingly unable to distinguish a gull from their own parents. . . .

"An observant naturalist was close to an eyrie one day when he saw an eagle fly over his head carrying some object in its talons. Beneath the eyrie lay a dead eaglet. It had no doubt been killed during a fight, for (as I mentioned in an earlier chapter) it is not usual for one eaglet to kill the other during their early weeks in the nest. The stalker climbed to the eyrie and found it empty. He was in the neighbourhood a week later and when he looked into the eyrie was astonished to see there an eaglet, alive and flourishing. He reached the conclusion that the parent eagle had removed her remaining eaglet when she saw him approach, and had subsequently returned with it. "My informant told me that he also had had an experience of the same sort. He had an eagle's eyrie under observation one spring, and he was certain that no eggs had been laid in it, yet, later, two thriving eaglets appeared in the nest. He was convinced that they had been carried there from another eyrie."

The SEA of SEAWEED

The Mysterious Sargasso Investigated by the Beebe Expedition

THE DIVING BALL: The spherical steel device by which Mr. William Beebe and Mr. Otis Barton descended 1,426 ft. into the ocean—a distance record



FRUITS OF THE DEEP: The assortment of sea-wrack and sponges brought up from the Sargasso by the Beebe Expedition

EMERGENCE: Mr. William Beebe emerges from the spherical steel device in which he achieved his record submersion of 1,426 ft. He seemed none the worse for his experience

THE SKIMMER: The device to scrape the surface seaweed from the Sargasso Sea where the Beebe expedition is operating

GIANT EYES OF SCIENCE: The steel ball is fitted with windows of fused quartz through which the submarine life is observed in a blueish violet light

MINUTIÆ OF THE DEEP: Tiny fishes hauled up in a fine meshed net for study by the Beebe Exhibition

AT THE PORT-HOLE: Mr. William Beebe at an opening of the steel sphere in which, thanks to an oxygen supply and windows of fused quartz, submarine life was successfully observed at a record depth

The Sargasso Sea, lying off the American coast in the latitude of Florida and reaching half-way to Africa, is composed of floating masses of gulf weed (*Sargassum bacciferum*) and is the home of many small marine animals. Christopher Columbus first discovered this great weed bed, in which the new growth floats and the old sinks. For years it was (falsely) believed that any ship caught in its rankness was doomed.

NEPTUNE TRIUMPHANT: A remarkable picture taken off Land's End, where the Sou'-westers run extraordinarily high, of a small coastwise boat flogged by the might of the sea. The waves look like gigantic—almost Himalayan—mountains. This is the type of weather the "summer" of 1931 has brought to our shores, to parallel which one has to go back half a century

On right—FACING OBLITERATION: An aspect of Bungalow Town, Winchelsea, on which the sea is making rapid and irresistible inroads

THE POWER of the SEA

A correspondent of the Morning Post *has given this account of the inroads of the sea at Winchelsea:*

Furlong by furlong, surely and inexorably, the sea is advancing on the bungalow colony of Winchelsea Beach, a mile from the removed Cinque Port. Each spring-tide brings the high-water level nearer to the main coast road. The possibilities are that in a few months the water will reach this road and rush into a dip behind it, and then it will be only a question of time before it reaches the hill on which stands Winchelsea Village. Only the bungalow-dwellers can hope to stay by their amateur efforts the advance of the tides. Nothing will be done by any official body to preserve the beach. The care of the beach falls dually within the administration of the Hastings and Rye Councils. But neither body is responsible for the sea, and neither needs nor cares to take action. A year ago last April when the beach was in desperate peril, a Ministry of Agriculture engineer paid a visit. It was then decided that only a concrete wall would prove an effective barrier. The cost of £30,000 was decided prohibitive, and the wall was not built. Now it is too late. Local residents and officials are for the most part unsympathetic, as they regard the beach as an excrescence and an eyesore. No Council has any concern with the sea and the Ministry of Agriculture, who have inspected the place, do not intend to do anything. The residents are entitled to do anything they like in reason to protect the buildings — otherwise the sea must simply advance.

A PRE-WAR TRIUMVIRATE: Mr. Owen Nares, Mr. Morton Selten (left), and Mr. Allan Aynesworth in an amusing scene in Counsel's Opinion, *the new play at the Strand Theatre. The diction of the Edwardians is a lesson to the post-war actor. The play, an amusing comedy of divorce, is by Gilbert Wakefield, the husband of Miss Isabel Jeans, who co-stars with Mr. Nares*

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

"Counsel's Opinion."

Broad farce at the Strand has now been succeeded by farcical comedy, for that is the official description of Mr. Gilbert Wakefield's *Counsel's Opinion*. It has more comedy in it than farce, and let me say at once, extremely good comedy. I suppose the farce label is there because the play has a bedroom scene in it (so, for that matter, has *Othello*). An additional reason, possibly, is that there is a muddle and a misunderstanding, and that the pace increases to a *prestissimo* in Act III, when there is a lot of telephoning. But *Counsel's Opinion* is comedy in that none of the situations is preposterous and in that all of the characters are real people, with the exception of that played by Miss Isabel Jeans. But there is a real artificiality even about Miss Isabel Jeans. This is not intended to be a paradox, nor, in fact, is it one. Miss Jeans is a highly-accomplished, highly-polished actress of high comedy who cleverly makes a speciality of those insincere, well-dressed, and rather amusing women who float about in large numbers at parties. They are no more real than their complexions. But this one was taken from life, and they give a good deal towards making life interesting and expensive.

Miss Jeans has a part—it is the only female part in the play (beyond a fleeting and clever appearance of Miss Margaret Baird as a Scotch maid)—which seems to have been made for her. Since her husband wrote the play it probably was. But she dominates it wholly off her own bat. If the part had been mishandled it would have become a bore and even an exasperation, for it is enormously long. This is the best thing I have ever seen Miss Jeans do; it is good in spite of the fact that she has not abated one jot any of her mannerisms.

But *Counsel's Opinion* is not all Miss Jeans. It has a neat, if obvious, little plot. In the Royal Parks Hotel is a fancy-dress ball, and outside it an impenetrable fog. So bedrooms for stranded revellers are much in demand. Herbert Logan, a young barrister who had arrived that day from a holiday in Italy, had managed to secure the last vacant suite. He is preparing to go to bed when Lady Castlemaine or Louise de Kerouailles, or one of the young ladies of a Charles who was not Charles B. Cochran but a King of England, begs to be allowed to put up for the night in his sitting-room, Of course she wheedles him into letting her have the bedroom, and since the play is a highly proper one, he has the sitting-room. But at 9.30 the next morning he kisses her passionately, asks her to dinner, and sets out for his chambers in the Temple.

Here he is consulted by a pompous peer, Lord Mere, whose young wife has been to that very fancy-dress ball and has spent the night at the hotel—not innocently, it is suspected. since a man has been seen leaving her bedroom at 9.30 a.m. He wants to divorce her. Will Logan take up the case? It is pretty obvious that the whole thing is a misunderstanding and that Logan's friend is not Lady Mere at all, and so it turns out. But the situation is sufficient to provide as entertaining a play as the more sophisticated of London's theatregoers could wish.

Mightily and amusingly impressive looms Mr. Allan Aynesworth as Lord Mere. Younger actors should be taken in platoons to watch Mr. Aynesworth's perfect sense of timing, his natural dignity, and the art that is the more exquisite for being so tactfully concealed. Mr. Morton Selten's explosive chuckles and the man-of-the-world philosophy that gleams from the most knowing of eyes are alike memorable; it is worth a visit to the Strand simply to see Mr. Selten using a dial telephone—"one of those damned cross-word things." Mr. Owen Nares was light, easy, and altogether excellent as the barrister, and Mr. Cyril Smith made a real person out of a valet with a taste for racing.

"Midnight Love."

I can imagine fun being derived from a rubicund and hen-pecked Dean. I can even imagine a smutty book possessing attraction for some people. But I cannot imagine any entertainment accruing from a Dean reading a smutty book. The name of the book was *Midnight Love*, and it gave the title to the dreariest farce with which we have been inflicted for a long while.

"Those Naughty 'Nineties."

To be surrounded by people who giggled at every costume in *Those Naughty 'Nineties* I found at first a somewhat depressing experience. It made me realize that the years are creeping on, since what struck so many people as incongruous and even comic I knew well as the natural order of things. That was a shock, not lessened by the admission in the papers on the following morning by a number of dramatic critics of, presumably, weight and experience, that they never knew the 'nineties, when they were either sucking feeding-bottles instead of the ends of their pencils, or were, like those strange little beings in Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird*, just waiting to be born.

For in the 'nineties I was, I fear, struggling with my first razor and with (unsuccessfully) my first pipe. And I was dropping into the pit (one could drop into the pit in those days) to see, arrayed in the type of costume which raised such hearty laughter on the Criterion stage, an actress by name Irene Vanbrugh, who is just as charming now as she was then, and whom I was fortunate to find in the stall next to mine.

This little play is, with all its virtues of sentimentality and quiet fun, a bit of a muddle. In what proportion were we expected to be diverted by the ladies' straw hats, Sir Nigel Playfair's trousers and side-whiskers, and the bows on the furniture, and to be interested in the play simply as a play? The two elements should, of course, have mixed. But they did not. The joke about the costumes, etc., soon wore rather thin; yet the burlesque element was decidedly in the way when we came to the picture of the unhappy young wife married to an elderly, mean, and objectionable husband. We knew that a happy ending was in store, and that the man she loved would return from Australia to marry her after a divorce which shocked (and secretly delighted) the Ealing of 1896. But at this episode the play nearly went to pieces—and that much-emphasized atmosphere of the 'nineties was the cause.

Of what was really happening in the 'nineties—the growth of the labour movement, the "Yellow Book" phase, the zenith of Imperialism—we do not get a glimpse. It is true that this would have been out of place in what is intended to be, on the whole, merely a light entertainment. But as an ardent lover of the 'nineties—a happier era, I think, and a cheaper one, I know—I mildly protest against the picture of them as a time of narrow-mindedness and slightly ludicrous clothes.

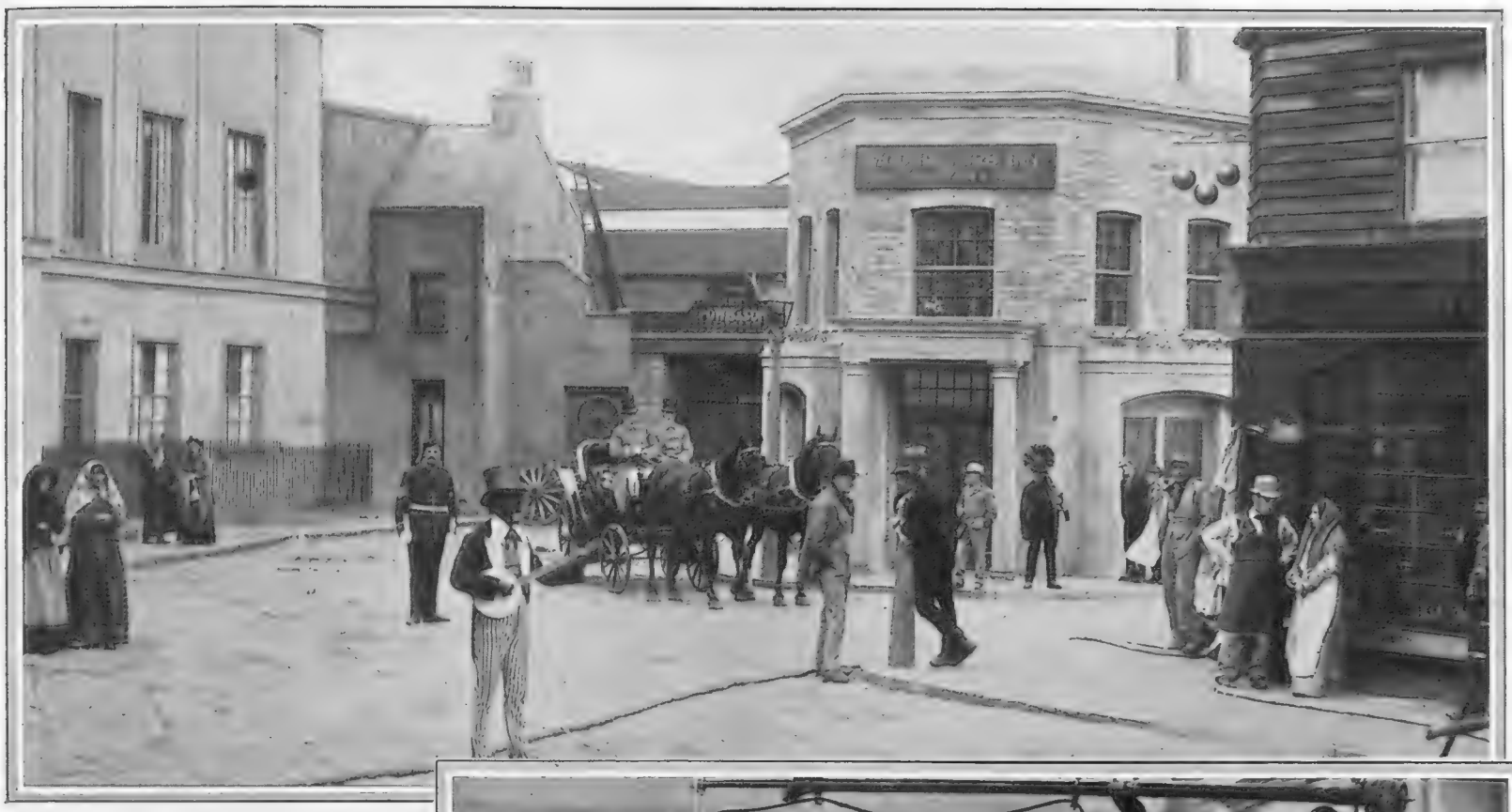
Sir Nigel Playfair has produced the play with his usual care and gives a clever performance as a parent of the period with Miss Mary Jerrold, whose *flair* for this type of thing is great—as his wife. Miss Thea Holme is pretty and an actress of skill and sincerity, and Mr. Maurice Evans, discarding the burlesque note, played her lover in very attractive and manly fashion. There was also a gallery of caricatures in various stages of exaggeration.

A programme note informed us that the designer of the scenery and costumes was not born until after the 'nineties and "had a long and dusty struggle in the British Museum." Which reminds me of the trick of the pantomime comedian who unlocks with great difficulty a gate that stands on the stage by itself.

A Not Very Grand Arrangement.

It used to be said that revues are not produced—they are postponed. That has now come to apply to the legitimate stage, so far as *Grand Hotel* is concerned. Three times has this Adelphi production been put off—once when unfortunate people had waited outside the theatre for twenty-seven hours. Three times have the possessors of reserved seats had their plans upset. If this is what revolving stages involve, for Heaven's sake let us produce our plays on fixed stages. These were good enough for Kean, Macready, Phelps, and Henry Irving, who kept better faith with the public.

A NOEL COWARD REVIVAL: Mr. Cecil Parker, Miss Jane Millican, Mr. Cecil Ramage, Mr. Arthur Macrae, Miss Ann Trevor, Miss Celia Clement, Miss Doris Ramsey, and (on stairs) Miss Margaret Halstan and Mr. John Boxer in the revival of The Young Idea *at the St. Martin's*



THE 'EIGHTIES: The era of fifty years ago in Chapel Street, Salford, constructed specially for the production of Hobson's Choice, *a period play produced by Thomas Bentley*

BRITISH *Film* EFFORT

Elstree, the Hollywood of England, in the Throes of many Productions of many Types Recorded by a Special "Sphere" Commissioner

MUSICAL COMEDY: A moment during the production of Out of the Blue, *starring Gene Gerrard and Jessie Matthews. This moment occurs in every scene—the incident being the recording of the number of the scene in the entire script. This enables the Film Editor to join the various strips of film into a coherent whole.* Out of the Blue *is being produced by Gene Gerrard and Mr. John Orton. In any great film studio, where several productions are simultaneously under way, not only the number of the scene, but the actual production, is written on a board and filmed with a turn of the camera at the inception of every scene; the word scene not connoting the place of action, but the strip of film taken of one artist or group without a positional break of continuity or personality.* Inset *is an incident in the film version of Monckton Hoffe's play,* Many Waters, *which ran so successfully at the Ambassadors. A John Thorpe production, directed by Milton Rosmer, it stars Mr. Arthur Margetson (who plays Mr. Nicholas Hannen's part), Mr. Donald Calthrop, and Miss Lilian Hall-Davies*

THE BYZANTINE MUSEUM OF ATHENS: This building, set in the palace of the Duchess of Piacenza, who built it in the middle of the nineteenth century, has just been inaugurated under the directorship of Professor G. Sotirion of the University of Athens

STATUES OF TO-DAY AND FAR-OFF DAYS

THE HARDY MEMORIAL: This was unveiled in Dorchester on September 2. The figure is in bronze on a stone base and is the work of Mr. Eric Kennington. The sculptor has been in close touch with Mrs. Hardy, who regards the likeness as remarkable. Hardy is represented seated on a rustic bank with flowers around him and a bird at his feet. The base was designed by Mr. V. O. Rees and the name carved by Mr. H. Hart, a sculptor-teacher of South Kensington

The Sumerian statue shown below was purchased for £7,500 with the aid of a grant from the National Art Collections Fund. It is one of a number found by illicit diggers about 1924 on the site of the ancient city of Lagash, already made famous by the French excavations there since 1877. All these figures represented a famous ruler of the town named Gudea, or his son, Ur-Ningirsu, who lived somewhere between 2400 and 2300 B.C. Each figure was carved in different coloured stone, some were standing, some sitting, and some had special decoration. But nearly all of them were of miniature size, and the existence of large or life-sized pieces had not been known until quite recently, when two examples have appeared in Europe. One of these is the statue now in the British Museum, thanks to the efforts made by the Fund. The age of Gudea produced the finest statuary of ancient Mesopotamia, and this example stands very high among the extant figures. It is of life size, carved out of a dark, grey, finely-mottled stone.

A RELIC OF ANCIENT GREECE: This was found in the foundations of a house in Athens near the site of the "Long Walls," which joined the capital to its port, the Piræus. According to the opinion of the distinguished Greek archæologist, M. Kyparissis, it is of the archaic type, ascribed to the sixth century B.C. It is undoubtedly a tomb statue emanating from the Attic school. Its colouring is black and red, and is admirably preserved. The chair on which the subject sits is a folding one — it is hoped that the head may be discovered near by. This interesting relic is now in the Central Museum, Athens

DATING FROM GUDEAN TIMES: A Sumerian statue of Gudea (2300 B.C.) now in the British Museum. It has, of necessity, been restored

AN ESKIMO HOME: "Your houses are very unlike the houses of white men; you do not paint them and the wood becomes rotten like the flesh of a seal left in the sun. The windows of your houses are so small that the light of the sun which brings health to all cannot enter"

THE ESKIMO BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay have recently published a remarkable book in Eskimo and English for the benefit of the native trappers of Arctic Canada and Labrador, the majority of whom can read and write, but who, so far, have only one book in their language—the Bible. Agiait Ilisimatiksat—the Eskimo Book of Knowledge which is divided into three sections—deals with the British Empire, Hygiene and Trade, and in the words of the author, Mr. George Binney, "If the text is redolent with metaphors of blubber, seal-meat and the chase, it is because such things are significant to the minds of all Eskimo." Excerpts from its picturesque language appear below.

A LABRADOR ESKIMO: "Yes indeed, it seems that the times are changing and that our people are likewise changing with them. . . . By what means can we retain in our camps the former health and happiness of our fathers?"

Beneath a picture of the Prince of Wales riding in a steeplechase is this superb description: "Edward, the eldest son of King George, racing across country on a large four-legged animal called 'horse' which eats grass like a deer. . . ."

"You should know that there are many different races of people in the world. Some are white skinned like the traders, others are brown skinned like yourselves, and others have skin as the soot which forms on your lamps.

"As there are many different races, so there are many different rulers, but the greatest ruler of all, who governs with justice White Men, Brown Men, and Black Men in very many countries, is King George, the ruler of the British Empire. He is your King. . . .

"Your best hunters are not content to go a small journey to hunt for deer, and to return empty handed to the camp. It is always better to go on to the next valley; for who knows that the herd is not grazing there? If the deer are not in that valley, who knows that they are not in the valley beyond? Poor hunters have no courage; they turn back discouraged. Good hunters go onwards, and they laugh when they find the deer only two sleeps after the poor hunters have returned. They rejoice not only at the taste of the good meat, but because they have prospered through their courage and perseverance where others failed.

"Yes, those old sailors and traders of Britain were men after the heart of your best hunters. Your best hunters are always looking for better trapping grounds and for better hunting. . . .

"This much also you should know. In some parts of your countryside the Men of God complain that, because you attend their services and profess yourselves to be Christians, some of you expect to receive gifts of food from the Men of God who are not rich in their possessions. This is a disgraceful thing, unworthy of the Christian belief which you profess.

"When the doctor comes at shiptime to heal your sick you do not expect him also to provide you with food. Yet some of you expect the Men of God, who sacrifice their lives to work among you and to heal your souls, also to give you food or other gifts. This, indeed, is a disgraceful thing in the eyes of all White Men. . . .

"For instance, in the Lord's Prayer we ask God to 'Give us this day our daily bread.' By this we mean 'Give us the opportunity of earning our daily bread by our work or by our hunting.' God has provided seals, foxes, and deer in your country; if you want them for food, then *you* must hunt them and earn your daily bread. You cannot expect God to do your hunting for you while you sit at home."

THE HUNTER: "Look, people! The rifle enabled you to secure your food with greater ease when your fathers hunted with spears . . . but you must kill with the rifle everything you saw. Now in many places the deer are few—the seals are not so numerous. Thus you have made the rifle into a curse"

GORILLAS *Old and Young*

From Life and from Mounted Specimens

A HABITAT OF THE GREATEST OF THE ANTHROPOIDS: Mount Karasimbi in the Belgian Congo is a volcano encircled with a bamboo belt, in which the mountain gorilla is found

THE GORILLA'S SIGNAL DRUM: The bare chest is used for this purpose. This fine Kivu specimen was shot by Mr. Alexander Barns and is now in San Francisco

A SKULL showing central and back ridges

ON THE PROWL: ... quarry of Dr. ... and Mrs. Bingham

MALE AND FEMALE: This group clearly shows the relative sizes of the sexes, the female being always smaller than the powerful male, who averages 5 ft. 6 in. Both are specimens from Spanish Guinea

MASSIVE AND INCARNATE POWER: A large specimen from the Cameroons now in the collection of Mr. P. H. G. Powell-Cotton in his museum at Quex Park, Birchington. The huge thickness of the beast is clearly seen together with his domed head

BACK VIEW: Gorillas are blackish grey at the back, but have a bare portion round the middle

First hand observation of gorillas has been taken a step further by the efforts of Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell, who was commissioned by *The Times* to explore the famous Belgian Reserve in pursuit of gorilla. He went in succession to Dr. Harold C. Bingham, two of whose photographs are reproduced on this page. There is now no doubt that gorillas do produce a loud clapping sound by beating their bare breasts with their hands. The bare patches are well shown in the mounted specimens reproduced here, all of which were prepared and mounted in the studios of Rowland Ward of Piccadilly. The domed appearance of the head of the gorilla on the left is due to a characteristic fore and aft ridge in the skull. There are also lateral ridges well shown in the view of the skull from Spanish Guinea

GOING BACK TO SCHOOL [THE WORLD OF WOMEN]

Although the holidays are still in full swing, schooldays are not so very far ahead, and there is very little time in which to prepare Master-twelve-years-old and his elder brothers and sisters for school, and the winter term is an especially important one in so far as it demands an almost entirely new outfit.

Buying school equipment was at one time somewhat of a problem, and a very expensive one to solve at that, but to-day, by dealing direct with some firm of high reputation every parent can insure the three essentials of school-wear, namely, correctness, durability, and economy. In the interests of the young schoolgirl and schoolboy I recently made a survey of the equipment of the leading London shops.

At Jaegers in Oxford Street, for instance, I made innumerable discoveries. First and foremost I found a large and light room that has been treated in a truly amusing and decorative manner—rather like a large friendly nursery it looked—containing toys and a switchback to amuse the very little ones. Here the small boy and the schoolgirl are equipped with their complete outfit. I learnt from this store that each particular type of garment, whether it be of silk or of wool, must first pass through a laboratory test to certify its purity of texture, the weight and fastness of dye. That this test does not increase the price of the finished garment is a point of interest to everyone in these days of general "hard-upness." To illustrate the competitive prices of this firm I was shown, for instance, some woolly vests for small boys and girls, dainty garments, short-sleeved or sleeveless, bearing little relation to the much despised woollies of one's own childhood. Carrying with them, of course, the guarantee that I have previously mentioned, they are inexpensively sold from 2s. 6d.

Regarding coats—important items these—velour, nap serge, and gabardine are the materials in favour at the moment, whilst they are mostly carried out in the regulation navy or brown. A practical example is illustrated on this page, and may be obtained at Jaegers (in all wool nap) from 65s. With it is worn a black velour hat which costs from 18s. 9d. This firm has also a large variety of fashionable knitwear at prices ranging from 12s. 9d. to 29s. 6d., and also a large range of inexpensive silk blouses.

Of equal importance this coming term are mackintoshes, and those of proofed gabardine, I am told, are most in demand. These are obtainable from the same firm from 39s. 6d.

The regulation "gym" tunic is an indispensable feature of every schoolgirl's outfit. The length of these tunics, by the way, varies according to the school for which they are designed, but for the most part they are worn between three and six inches off the ground when kneeling. A particularly neat type of "gym" tunic was displayed by Gooch's of Knightsbridge. Carried out in an excellent quality navy serge, this particular model could be obtained from 18s. 6d. To wear with the tunic, Viyella blouses at 17s. 6d. are an excellent "buy" for the winter term, for they are warm and comfortable and they wash well and look extremely smart.

Never before have school frocks been so neat and chic as they are to-day. An example of a regulation school frock is shown below. Navy blue crepella is the material used, and keeping to a perfectly plain style it is smartly finished with a white crêpe de chine collar.

The schoolboy is adequately catered for at Gooch's. And above all, a point that is terribly important to Baxter Minor, you may be sure that the clothing is correct in every detail—for even the most infinitesimal sartorial incorrectness may loom to enormous proportions when Baxter Minor finds himself at school.

The Henley coat is an exceptionally smart and practical garment to wear over a school suit. It is carried out in tailored materials suitable for school use in blue velour from 64s., or in grey or brown tweeds from 76s. 6d. The back is finished with a belt and inverted pleats.

Hats, suits, gloves, shoes, and all travel needs for boys and girls are supplied by this firm, and special attention has been paid to the matter of school linen.

The "Marlboro" suit, for the slightly older boy, illustrated on this page, comes from Swan and Edgar, where I was shown a wide selection of school-wear for children of all ages. This particular suit I have just mentioned is in great demand for schooldays. Jacket and vest are carried out in hard-wearing vicuna cloth at 27s. 6d., whilst the striped trousers, in four different designs, cost from 16s. 6d. A bowler hat to wear with the suit costs 10s. 6d.

(*Continued on p. 366*)

Gooch of Knightsbridge offer this charming little frock of blue crepella as a chic and practical suggestion for the winter term

A blue coat in all-wool nap, finished with a stitched belt, is a happy solution for cooler days. It is inexpensively priced from 65s. at Jaegers, Oxford Street. The regulation velour hat is 18s. 9d. or 25s. 6d.

For the dancing class this charming frock of taffeta is indispensable. Rows of tucking ac'd a charming finish. From Whiteleys

The warm wool dressing gown on the left is made in a variety of fashionable shades and costs from 21s. The "Marlboro" suit (right) is popular for school wear. Jacket and vest cost 27s. 6d., while the striped trousers are sold at 16s. 6d. Swan and Edgar

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

EXTREMES MEET: The large picture hat and the turban are equally fashionable at Juan les Pins

ON HOLIDAY AT FRINTON: Lady Neville Pearson (Miss Gladys Cooper) with her son, Mr. Buckmaster

MISS ROMAINE COMBE, the fiancée of Lord Castlereagh, at the fête held at Mountstewart by Lord and Lady Londonderry

AT THE FÊTE AT MOUNTSTEWART: A crinoline and a gipsy costume at the fête given last month by Lord and Lady Londonderry at their estate in Co. Down, at which Lord Castlereagh and his fiancée, Miss Romaine Combe, were present

AT THE RACES: A *chic* all white costume seen at Gatwick a few days ago. *Inset above* is a Cossack coat and fashionable muff in Persian lamb

MUFFS ARE MODISH: A *toilette* in black panne velvet worn over a steel cage bustle and a pillow muff—a real Victorian renaissance

MIDDELBURG: A discussion of local affairs in a quiet by-way of the quaint old town

AN ART COLONY: The Town Hall of Veere-Walcheren, where many English forgather

AUTUMN *in* HOLLAND

One of the pleasantest of autumn holidays can be taken in Holland. The rush of the busy tourist season is over and the leisurely traveller can enjoy all the subtle charms of this picturesque land. It is so easily reached that it is a matter of wonder why one does not make more frequent visits. A short sea trip from Harwich takes the autumn traveller to the Hook of Holland, and thence a choice lies between proceeding northward via Leyden and Haarlem to Amsterdam, due east to Rotterdam, Utrecht and Amersfoort, or southward to Walcheren, where the beautiful towers of Midelburg will greet the eye over the wide stretching pastures. One can stroll at one's leisure in unjostled ease through the famous picture galleries where are exhibited the masterpieces of Vermeer and Frans Hals. But beyond all the splendours of Rembrandt and the colourful canals of Amsterdam there is the quiet, peaceful beauty of the meadowland beyond, stretching out to the dykes of the Zuyder Zee. Here, basking in the soft autumn sunlight, rest the beautiful fishing villages so beloved of the artist and every student of the picturesque. A little steam tram puffs its unhurried way from Amsterdam towards the great inland sea.

MARKEN IN AUTUMN: Undisturbed by the inrush of spring and summer visitors, the family life of the Marken fisherfolk pursues the even tenor of its way

There follows a stroll along the picturesque main street of Monnikendam. The masts of the fishing boats are seen for the first time with their little pennants fluttering at the mastheads. One can join the little group of fisherfolk who are passing over to the island of Marken, and with them sail across the sunlit sea to their delicious island home. You are alone with these happy islanders who receive one with a grave courtesy which is always their natural manner, but which is more clearly evident when the torrent of tourist humanity has ceased to flow. The pictures given here were taken on just such an autumn journey as is here described. The mother and her little girl posed with unhurried grace for the photograph reproduced here — the August invasion seemed a forgotten episode. In the meantime a delicious meal of eggs and bacon was being prepared in a little timber coffee-house into which fisher-folk strolled from time to time to greet our hostess. As the sun dipped towards the west an amber light suffused the whole scene, giving an air of almost unearthly beauty to land and sea. Opalescent tints glimmered on all the waterways of the island, for even Marken has its canals. The journey back to the mainland, with the sparkling lights of Amsterdam was an episode not readily forgotten.

P. H.

STREET SCENE IN MONNIKENDAM: A few children, one of whom wears the national shoes (klompers in Dutch), peer through a typical Venetian blind shutter

THE GATEWAY TO THE DOLOMITES: A corner of Merano, within easy range of the Italian lakes, Venice, and Innsbrück, as well as of the glorious mountains of the South-eastern Alps

AUTUMN *in* MERANO

Merano is a charming and ancient town placed some 1,000 feet above sea level, in an Alpine-like valley, and surrounded by snow-capped peaks. At all seasons of the year the place is beautiful, but never more so than in early autumn.

When I first knew it it had not the excellent facilities of communication now existing with the principal European cities by rail, and fine motoring roads of the most modern type. To-day the journey is a pleasure in itself on account of the comfort in travelling and the exquisite scenery through which one passes.

Merano has been rightly called "the Gateway to the Dolomites," that region of magnificent peaks, the rose-hued Rosengarten, and contrasting snows. I remember another description of the town and its surroundings which I came across when idly turning over the pages of the visitors' book in one of the most famous hotels. One delighted scribbler declared he found that Merano and its surroundings constituted "A Paradise of God's making and man's improving." And the phrase is not so exaggerated as might be assumed.

But Merano's attractions are not merely those of the town itself, for it lies in the centre of a wonderful excursion district, and within easy distance of historic Innsbrück, the world-famed Dolomites, the Italian Lakes and Venice. During even the winter months Merano enjoys a very high average of dry and sunny days, with a fine and bracing air, notwithstanding that it is sheltered from the unpleasant *sirocco* by the environing mountains. Its rainfall is the lowest of any health resort except that of Cairo.

We have ourselves visited Merano under Spring, Summer and Autumn conditions, and agree that it may be described as an "all the year round resort." Let us distinguish, however, between the seasons.

In Spring one has the amazing and fairy-like beauty of apple and plum blossom, seen against the green of upland pastures and snow-clad mountain peaks. Summer brings a wealth of flowers to the valleys and to the many lovely gardens of the town itself. Autumn is gorgeous with ruddy and russet tints of foliage, the picturesque grape harvest, and there is the delight of eating the fruit and indulging in the "cure," for which Merano is famous, at the equivalent of a penny or two a pound, that has no disagreeable attendant features. Winter with its sunshine and facilities for snow and ice sports, attracts many visitors, who enjoy the advantage of reduced tariffs at the many fine hotels, and pensions and the additional comfort which comes from the less crowded conditions of summer.

Old Merano never fails to charm the visitor, and is the delight of the many artists who come to it. Its "painted" houses, with their wonderful outside frescoes, ancient courtyards stowed snugly away in unexpected corners, sheltered arcades, so cool in summer, with their quaint shops, the towering campanile of the cathedral, which forms the landmark for many miles around, all intrigue and reward the searcher after the picturesque.

A VISTA IN MERANO

There is no lack of amusements, for one has an excellent orchestra at the casino, also the attractions of a bridge club, dances, *thés dansants*, a well-run restaurant, and reading and writing-rooms. Cinemas have, of course, established themselves at Merano, which also boasts a charming little theatre at which famous artists appear. In the various restaurants of the town concerts are given by Tyrolean peasants in their picturesque costumes, and there is a good circulating library.

Lovers of sport are not forgotten, and there are tennis courts, a golf course, and skating rink, and in winter excellent arrangements for ski-ing and other snow sports. Mountaineering, innumerable lovely excursions and walks, and the recent addition of an open-air swimming pool make Merano a very desirable holiday resort for all classes of visitors. Aerial railways convey people to the surrounding heights. The town is "a garden city," and the memory of its wonderful beauty and charm does not soon fade.

C. H.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE DOLOMITES: A typical building in Merano—a favourite resort called Meran by the Teutonic element of the town

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, and resorts in all parts of the World by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

YOUR FRIENDS EXPECT the whisky you offer them to reflect your own good taste. It should embody good fellowship—mellowness and the rare qualities of age. Avoid all disappointment—by giving them **HAIG . . . .** No finer whisky goes into any bottle.

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

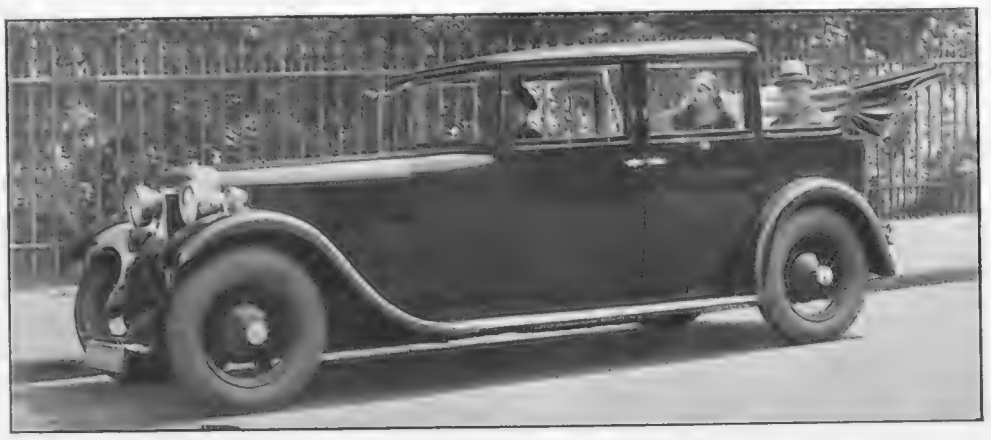
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

ILLUMINATE OBELISKS.—The statement that a certain obelisk on the Great West Road, near London, had been responsible for twenty odd accidents since it was erected, came as a disagreeable surprise to those who had heard of its notoriety for the first time. Anybody or person, excepting local councils or Government authorities, would have done something in the matter before the number of accidents had crept up to an alarming total. In some places I have noticed these obelisks, on islands, fronted with frosted glass and illuminated inside at night. This seems quite a good idea, and perhaps if this design were adopted for the particular place in question it might prevent further accidents from taking place.

Then again rubber obelisks are not unknown but, of course, they would not be seen during the hours of darkness any more than those made of metal. The resulting accident might perhaps not be so alarming, but taking all matters into consideration the illuminated design seems preferable. On the Continent, particularly in Paris and Berlin, obelisks are in certain places not used, but are replaced by a cement structure not more than 4 or 5 in. high, and these have the appearance of a large mushroom.

The vertical walls which support the cement roof are composed of thick coloured glass, and inside is a bright light which burns day and night. They are easily seen, and should a car run into them they would not suffer much damage, and the car, though probably bumped about considerably, would not be hopelessly smashed. The British character loves to cling to old things, and although this gives us a certain solidity in our private and international affairs, it does hinder us from taking up and adopting these new ideas. So far as road traffic is concerned we are years behind the Continent, and the trouble is that our authorities seem to appear quite contented with the present state of affairs.

IMPROVED DRIVING.—Whilst writing on these matters I have recently been driving every week-end, and I must say that the standard of driving has improved considerably of late; at the same time it is far from that standard which we all hope will be attained some day, but the fact that there is some improvement gives us hope that that day is not too remote. So far as I can see the prevailing fault at the moment is the desire of drivers to hold on to the centre of the road, particularly round corners, unless a white line keeps them over on their proper side. After all it is not very difficult to drive, even at 50 or 60 m.p.h., with one's near wheels a foot or two from the curb or side of the road. If only every driver would steer his car in this way, even when the road appears to be empty, all traffic would be speeded up, because drivers could then go round bends feeling certain that all they had to do was to watch out for a car in front, travelling in the same direction as themselves. As things are at present, when we drive round a bend the chances are that we shall find some lunatic approaching us on the wrong side when the whole width of the road is free.



DAIMLER: A 20–30 Landaulette with Daimler fluid fly-wheel and self-changing gear which has just been delivered to the Right Hon. Sir Horace Rumbold, Bt., the Ambassador to Berlin, who is seen above with Lady Rumbold

SINGER: The first 1932 Junior Saloon leaves the works at Coventry. Judging from their success in 1931 many thousands will soon follow suit

WHITE LINES.—Wherever the white line is painted I do find that drivers respect it, and whoever invented or first thought of this idea deserves every credit for his brain-wave. It has a sobering effect on the most erratic driver, and this is exactly what is required.

In some places, however, the local authorities plaster their roads with white lines where they are quite unnecessary. This slows down traffic because in many places the road is so narrow that if one wishes to overtake a horse and cart the white line has to be crossed, and many drivers hold this line in such respect that they prefer to crawl behind the horse and cart rather than cross it. In some districts, too, I am sure that if the white line were crossed in such circumstances, even when the road is perfectly straight and empty for many hundreds of yards, the police would issue a summons. Personally I would take the risk of police activity, but even if they did nothing it tends to make motorists disregard what is, after all, a very valuable contribution to safety when used in the proper places. I would, therefore, ask all local authorities to make certain that they paint white lines only down the centre of a road actually on bends, otherwise the white line will cease to have its good effect.

ROLLS-ROYCE

A 20-25 h.p. Enclosed Limousine

is specially produced for those who desire to purchase a Rolls-Royce at a moderate price

The Car complete is

£1695

It has high-class coachwork, seating for six or seven passengers all facing forward, Triplex glass throughout and complete equipment of accessories

A 4-5 Seater Saloon (owner driven) with adjustable front seats and similar equipment can now be supplied at £1690

The Rolls-Royce owner possesses

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

Cars of the latest type will be shown on the Stand of Automobiles Rolls-Royce (France) Ltd. at the PARIS SALON October 1st to 11th

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED 14-15 CONDUIT ST LONDON W1 TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 6201

WINTER TRAVEL *versus* DEPRESSION

With the continued prevalence of depression—*both economic and climatic*—any thought of Winter Travel this year presents a problem. On one hand, costs are an imperative consideration. On the other, full health-value in return for the outlay of time and money must be obtained.

Under such conditions what are the essential requirements of a Winter Holiday this year? Firstly, an atmosphere of restfulness, with sunshine in plenty as a reviving and invigorating influence; secondly, a total change of environment as a stimulus to fresh endeavour and new optimism. "Radiant Tours," organised by the South African Government Railways and the Shipping Companies, have kept those main objects of Winter Travel in view—a glorious sea voyage and a complete holiday change in the temperate sunshine of South Africa *at reasonable cost.*

Send for "Radiant Tours," the full descriptive programme. Posted free on request to The Director, South African Government Travel Bureau, 73, Strand, London, W.C. 2 ('Phone: Temple Bar 4488), or the Leading Tourist Agencies.

GOING *Back to* SCHOOL

(*Continued from p. 360*)

Great care must be taken in choosing warm but light winter underwear and nightwear. The boy in the illustration at the foot of page 360 is wearing a striped pyjama suit made from a woollen and cotton mixture flannel, obtainable in blue, pink, or mauve at 8s. 6d. The dressing-gown is an exceptionally good investment. Made in a large variety of warm wool cloths, it costs from 21s.

A well-cut blue serge coat and skirt for the winter term. With it is worn the conventional school tie, a silk blouse, and black felt hat. From Debenham and Freebody

But to return to the schoolgirl. A kilt with a blouse or jumper is nowadays included in nearly every school outfit, so what could be more attractive than a little tartan skirt, which is destined to be worn with a wool-knitted jersey designed to tone with the skirt? Both are obtainable from Swan and Edgar at very moderate prices.

To-day Miss Twelve-years-old has very definite views of her own regarding her evening or party frock. But rather a charming suggestion is offered by Whiteleys of Queen's Road, in the attractive taffeta frock which is illustrated on page 360. It is only one of a wide selection of equally smart frocks which this firm are showing in their school outfit department. Taffeta seems to be the material of the moment for youthful evening gowns, but the changes are frequently rung by georgette and velvet.

At Debenham and Freebody's I was particularly interested in the blue serge costume for the young school girl, which is illustrated here. It is an extremely practical and hard-wearing suit. The skirt may be either kilted, pleated, or just have one box pleat at back and front. The skirt is fitted to a bodice, which makes it lighter to wear, and the coat is sufficiently long so as not to dwarf the height of the youthful wearer.

Hats, both in good quality felts and velours, are a feature of Debenham's school outfit department, as are also fancy tweed costumes and smart evening frocks for party days.

Marjorie Day.

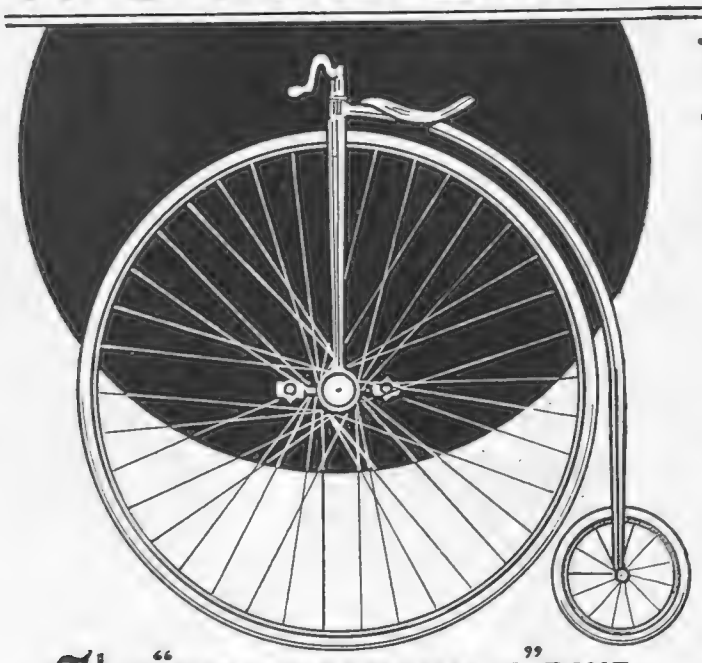
SHIPPING *Notes of the* WEEK

On Saturday, August 15, the new luxury cabin liner *Champlain* of the French Line was launched from Penhoet shipyard at St. Nazaire. This steamer, similar to but larger than the famous French Line cabin liner *Lafayette*, is of 28,000 tons displacement and will indeed, as far as her accommodation is concerned, be an improved *Lafayette*, for everything that can be devised for the convenience and comfort of the cabin and tourist class passengers has been thought of. A special feature of the ship will be the huge and unencumbered sun deck for, just the same as on the *Ile de France* and the *Lafayette*, all the ventilating plant and deck-hamper has been arranged for on the boat-deck and therefore out of the way of the passengers. The design of this ship gives a speed approaching that of an express mail steamer. She does not, however, follow the *Lafayette* in engine design. A new type of engine is being tried on this steamer, of the type that will be utilized in the 70,000-ton super *Ile de France*. There is accommodation for cabin, tourist class, and third-class passengers. Every cabin has either its own bath or shower attached to it, whilst in both the cabin and tourist classes there is hot and cold running water. The restaurant, drawing-rooms, and lounges of the *Champlain* are decorated partly in period and partly in modern style.

THE NEWEST FRENCH LINER: S.S. *Champlain*—launched last month. She is a 28,000-ton vessel and is an improvement even on S.S. *Lafayette*, also of the French Line

A FINE SIGHT IN THE CHANNEL: The Finnish four-masted barque *Pommern* seen from the R.M.S.P. motor-liner *Asturias*

WONDERS OF THE AGES....

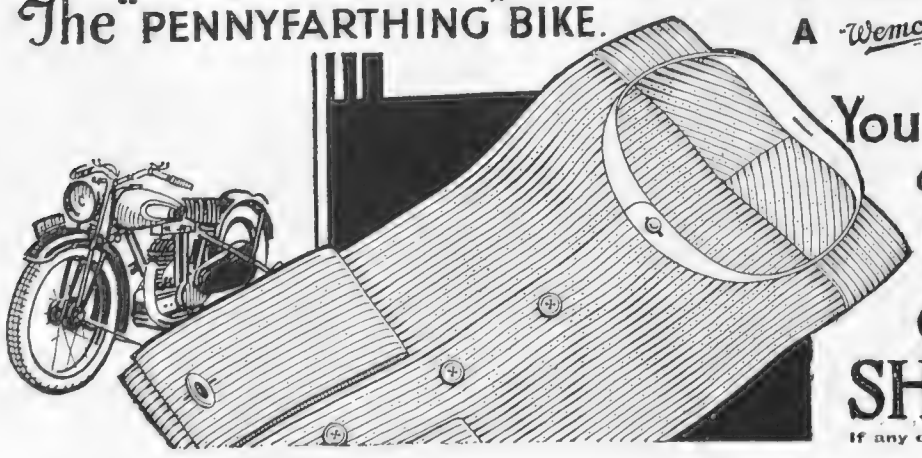


They marvelled at the first bike...

that attained quite six miles an hour! But this generation does not accept finality. Men's preference for "TRICOLINE" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas is a tribute to ever-improving quality, silkily supple texture and sterling service. The fast and serviceable colourings you admire are plentiful in the ranges of well-cut garments obtainable from leading Hosiers, Outfitters, and Stores.

The "PENNYFARTHING" BIKE.

A Wemco FABRIC.



WEATHERCOATS "Tricoline" made and proofed by Nicholson & Co., St. Albans. Rainproof yet porous. Light yet Warm.

You will marvel at

"Tricoline" REGD

THE EQUAL TO SILK

SHIRTS, COLLARS & PYJAMAS

If any difficulty in obtaining, write M.9, "TRICOLINE" House, 19 Watling Street, E.C.4

Five Generations have been "fitted out for School" by GOOCH'S

—for Gooch's have been complete School Outfitters since 1852, and through all these years we have rigidly adhered to our original policy of supplying only those fine quality outfits that will withstand all the hard knocks the boys and girls demand of them.

—It is these Fine Qualities, combined with the New Low Price Levels, that make Gooch's so definitely the most Economical Centre for School Outfitting.

●

SCHOOL SUITS

On right—The Tweeds and Blue Serges used in Gooch's Scarborough Suits are absolutely dependable and the workmanship is worthy of the good cloths. To fit 7 to 13 years.

Tweeds. First size
29/6 to **45/-**
Rising **1/6** and **2/-** each size.

Blue Serge. First size
43/6 to **69/-**
Rising **1/6** and **2.-** each size.

IN NAVY VELOUR

On left—Very practical Coat in soft Navy Velour. This model is especially suitable for the older schoolgirl. Well shaped at waist, slight flare and finished with neat stand-up collar. Lined throughout.
Price for 33 inch. **59/6**
Rising **1/6** each size.

Gooch's of Knightsbridge, London, S.W.3 *'Phone: Kensington 5100*

JAEGER

school clothes run away with all the prizes!

● John has chosen this Jaeger pullover from among a wonderful variety of patterns and colours. His mother says she's never seen such lovely wool—so warm and so hard wearing. His Jaeger stockings, exactly matching his pullover, are the envy of all his school friends. **The pullover costs 13/-. Stockings 8/6.**

● The Jaeger tunic his sister Joan is wearing is made of the sturdiest serge—cut for the fullest possible freedom of movement. It never seems to notice the hard wear she gives it, and its smart appearance delights her already critical dress sense.
Tunic, sizes 24–30 ins. 21/-, 33–39 ins. 23/6
Tailored Blouse, in strong washing silk 12/9

● When bed time comes and each corridor seems to lead to the North Pole—they huddle themselves in the Saharan warmth of Jaeger dressing gowns—made from the purest camel hair or the fleeciest wool.
Wool 21/6. Camel hair 31/6

THE JAEGER CHILDREN'S FLOOR

352/4 Oxford Street, W.1. ● There are Jaeger Agents in every town

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S FLOOR

is entirely devoted to their needs. Our experts have a remarkable flair for the all-important details and styles of young people's clothes, and the cut, finish and workmanship are unsurpassed. All clothes for children up to 12 years are now in one Department, and in view of the present economic conditions are **MODERATELY PRICED.**

LITTLE GIRL'S CHEVIOT TWEED COAT, with velvet collar and cuffs, warmly interlined. In dark sapphire blue or nut brown. Size for 3 years, 18 ins.

59/6

4 to 8 years, **65/9** to **87/6**
Velvet Cap to match **25/9**

Sent on approval.

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Catalogue post free.

WHITELEYS Specialise in Boys' "Back to School" Needs

The Boys' Department at Whiteleys specialises in Everything to Wear for Boys, and in "Back to School" Outfitting in particular. Parents cannot do better than take advantage of the many years' experience behind this service and be sure of getting correct style—with quality of the Whiteley standard—at the lowest possible price.

Two Example Values . . .

A Serviceable and Reliable Raincoat

For hard school wear. Made from a sound quality Navy Gabardine, fast colour. Lined check cloaking and shoulders interlined with oil cotton. To fit ages 7 to 19 yrs. All sizes one price - - **27/6**

Navy Gabardine - **45/-** and **55/-**
Fawn „ - **30/-** and **39/6**

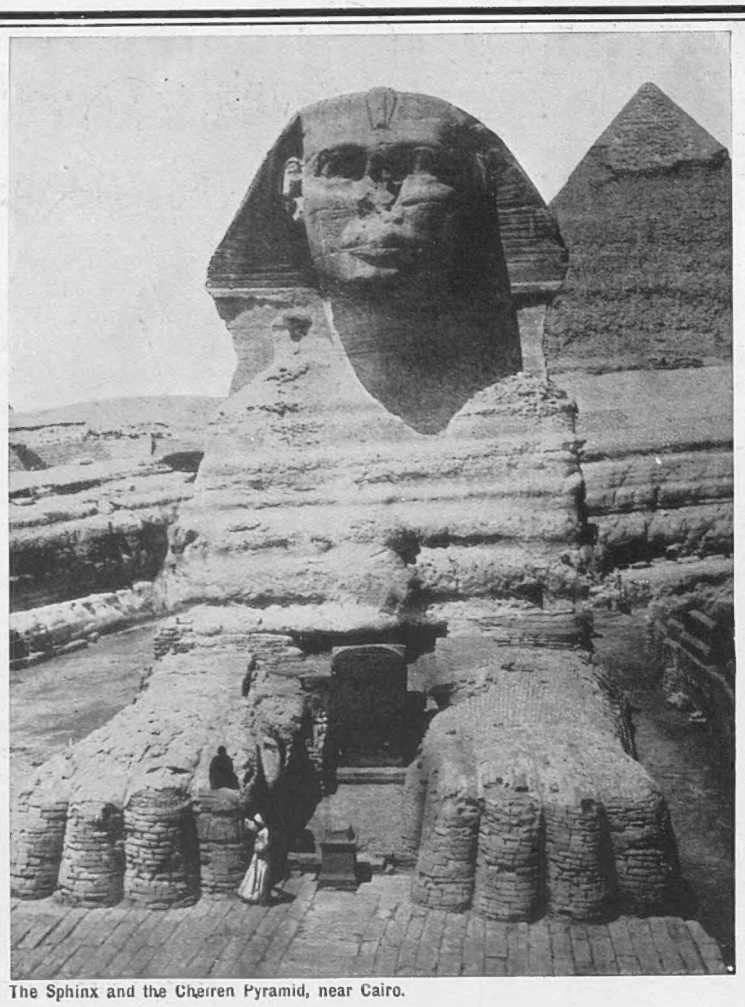
Black "Regulation" Jacket and Vest.

Correct in every detail for formal and Sunday wear. Made from a reliable Vicuna and lined with a strong Italian. Tailored with a perfection of detail and finish. In sizes to fit boys and youths from 10 to 18 yrs. All sizes one price - - - - **29/6**

The correct stripe **TROUSER** to wear with above in smart designs and reliable quality.
All sizes one price - - - - **14/6.**

Wm. Whiteley, Ltd., Queen's Rd. and Westbourne Grove, London, W. 2.

'Phone: Park 1234.



The Sphinx and the Cheiren Pyramid, near Cairo.

VISIT

EGYPT

Sunshine and Romance

—during **November, December and January** when the climate is ideal. Travel independently, luxuriously, with combined tickets at **fully inclusive special rates for the return journey,** comprising first-class Sea Passage, first-class Railway Travel, Meals in Restaurant Cars. Sleeping Berths fitted luxuriously with every convenience. Full accommodation, meals and gratuities at the Leading Hotels. The journey can be made from **Marseilles, Toulon, Genoa, Venice or Trieste** by the steamship services of the **"P. & O.," "Orient," "Messageries Maritimes," "Sitmar"** or **"Lloyd Triestino"** to Alexandria or Port Said, thence by the Egyptian State Railways to **Cairo, Luxor and Assuan.**

A 27 DAYS' TOUR
(18 days in Egypt)
from
£80.10s.

A 34 DAYS' TOUR
(25 days in Egypt)
from
£91.10s.

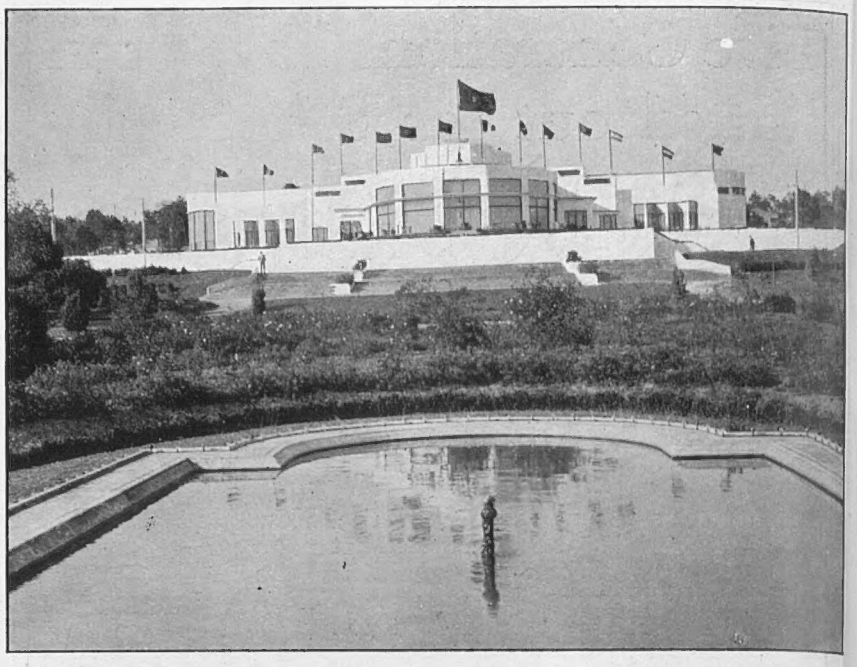
Cheaper Tickets for Second-Class accommodation are also available, and Nile Trips can be arranged in connection with the Combined Tickets.

Combined Tickets, Illustrated Brochure and further information may be obtained from

THE STEAMSHIP COMPANIES OFFICES of COOK-WAGONS-LITS AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY COX & KINGS and DEAN & DAWSON

also at the

EGYPT TRAVEL BUREAU, 60, Regent Street, London, W.1.



THE CASINO AT ESTORIL: This—the newest and most modern *place de jeu* in the world—has just been opened. It is set in lovely surroundings on the Sunshine Coast of Portugal, and the decorations are most attractive

NOTES AND NEWS

ESTORIL CASINO

The famous resort on the Portuguese Riviera, Estoril, which has in the past few months come to the fore with the same spectacular suddenness that characterized the Lido, has just celebrated the opening of its New Casino. This is an amazingly beautiful building executed inside and out in the most tasteful fashion. The modernity is not strident but pervades the whole atmosphere. The inaugural ceremony consisted of a great banquet to which 400 guests sat down, among them being the Duke and Duchess of Westminster and the Prime Minister of Portugal. Though there was no gambling on the opening night, play on the second night was sensational, one young Brazilian winning some 50,000 escudos.

CHINA AND PORTUGAL: The Chinese Minister at Lisbon and Senhor Jose Bianchi, Portuguese Minister to China, at the inaugural night of the New Casino at Estoril

MOTOR-RACING CONCLUSIONS

In reviewing car-racing for the past three years there are two facts worthy of record. One is that the racing authorities of France, Ireland, and Great Britain definitely favour competitions among cars which the public can buy rather than the over-powered freak cars, and the other is that in eleven of the twelve International races in the last three years the winner chose to use Shell lubricating oil in preference to all others.

THREE ATTRACTIVE GUIDE BOOKS

Three attractive little guide books have just been published on Rochester, Lambourn, and Daventry, three places widely different from each other—Rochester, with its renowned cathedral and castle, its memories of Dickens, Pickwick, and his friends at the Bull Inn, and the mysterious Jasper and Edwin Drood at the Cathedral Gate House; Lambourn, the quiet village on the Berkshire Downs, where famous racehorses are trained; Daventry, with a history dating back to the dim past, when Britons made their earthwork encampments on the hill-tops, but known to every one to-day as a high-power radio station—"Daventry Calling." These places, so varied in interest, are alike in the excellence of their presentation in the new official guide books, published by Messrs. Ed. J. Burrow and Company of Cheltenham. They all possess sketch maps of the district, while Rochester adds a very clear map of the town, most helpful to the visitor, and Daventry has a specially-prepared map of Borough Hill, one of the three largest British camps in the country. The illustrations are numerous and well reproduced, making the whole appearance of these little booklets such that the visitor will feel bound to acquire them. Rochester, which has been one of the towns to indulge in flood-lighting, has an interesting view of the square Norman keep, so familiar to travellers on the railway as they swing across the Medway, lit up at night in fairy radiance, as well as the more prosaic day view from the river. Daventry, in its illustrations, shows the changes of the ages, from earthworks to the giant masts of radio broadcasting, all situated on the same hill-top which also saw the gathering of the armies of King Charles I in the summer of 1645.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Training Ship *Arethusa* must go! The Society has been informed by the Port of London Authority that the *Arethusa* must move from her present berth at Greenhithe, and there is no other berth available. During her career as a Training Ship the *Arethusa* has sent over 10,400 boys to the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine. This branch of the Society must be carried on, and the Committee are now faced with the very serious problem of setting up another establishment. This will entail a tremendously heavy cost, which the Society has not the funds to meet. A special appeal is made to readers of THE SPHERE for donations, which should be sent to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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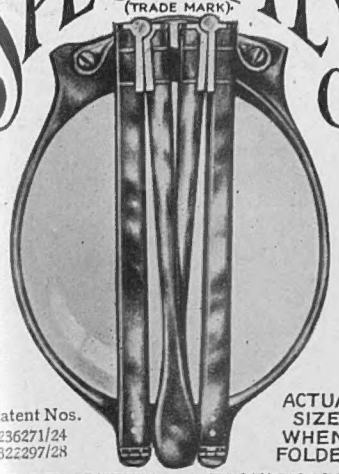

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HARROGATE

COMING EVENTS

SHOWS: Sept. 16–18, North of England Flower Show, at Harrogate.
Nov. 17–18, Harrogate Chrysanthemum Show.
RACING: Sept. 8–11, St. Leger Week, at Doncaster.
PAGEANT: Sept. 16–19, "Scenes from Harrogate History."

Harrogate is an ideal centre for the foregoing.

Pullman and Fast Restaurant Car Trains daily from King's Cross Station, London.

Illustrated Brochure No. 17 gratis from F. J. C. Broome, Royal Baths, Harrogate, or from any L.N.E.R. Agency.

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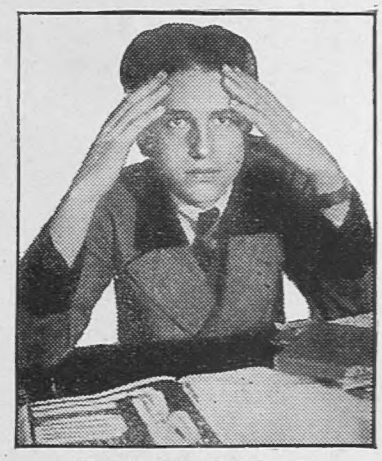
Simple Method that Anyone Can Use to Develop the Powers of Personal Magnetism, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power and to correct Undesirable Habits through the wonder-science of Suggestion. 80-page Book Fully Describing this Unique Method and a Psycho-Analysis Character Delineation FREE to all who write at once.

"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Magnetism, Fascination, Mind-Control, call it what you will, can surely be acquired by everyone, no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer E. Knowles, author of the new book entitled: "*The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces.*" The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yoghis and explains a unique system for the Development of Personal Magnetism,



Mr. Martin Goldhardt.

Hypnotic and Telepathic powers, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power and the correction of undesirable habits through the wonder power of Suggestion.

Mr. Martin Goldhardt writes: "My own success with the Knowles System justifies my belief that it does more for the advancement of people than any other existing method." The book which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of 10,000 copies is being conducted by a large Brussels Institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested.

In addition to supplying the book free, each person who writes at once will also receive a psycho-analysis character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles. If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"I want power of mind,
Force and strength in my look,
Please read my character,
And send me your book."

Also send your full name and address plainly printed (state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss), and address your letter to: PSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, S.A. (Dept. 540–B), No. 18, rue de Londres, Brussels, Belgium. If you wish you may enclose 4d. (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, etc. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your letter. Postage to Belgium is 2½d.

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is made by skilled craftsmen to comply with modern standards of comfort, quality and design.
As used in the Colonies for the last 20 years.
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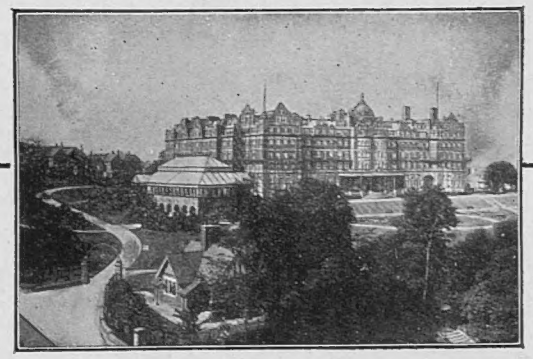

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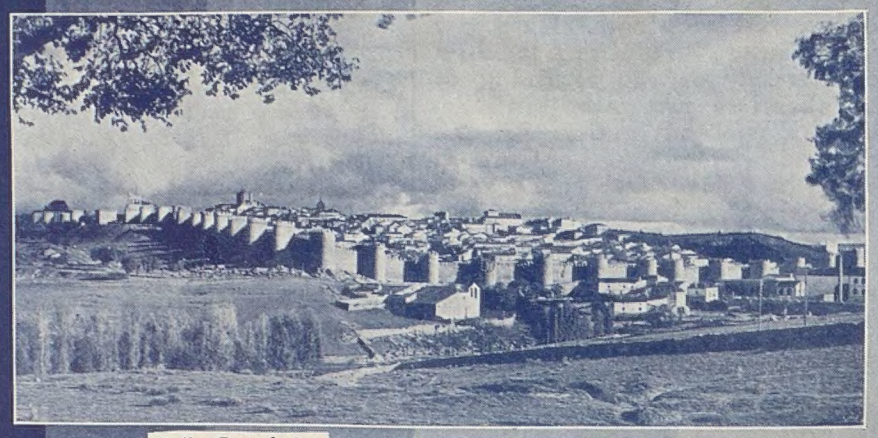
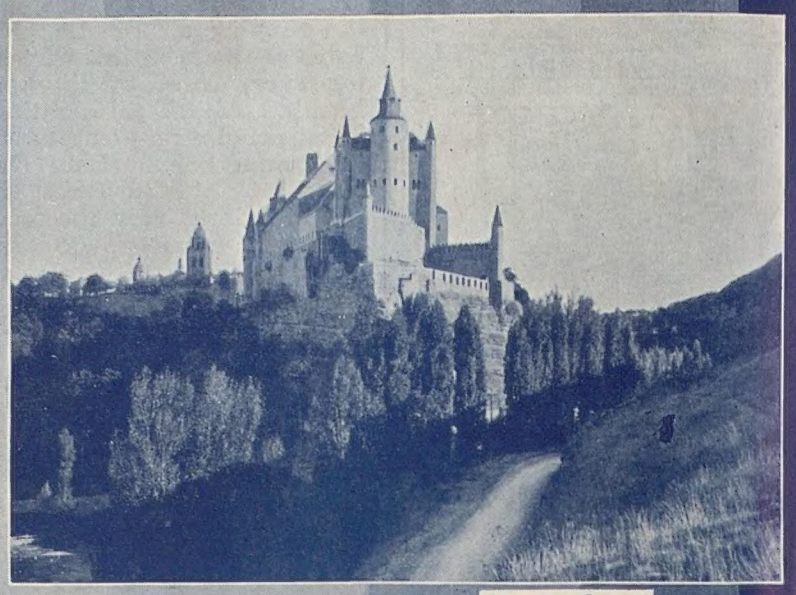
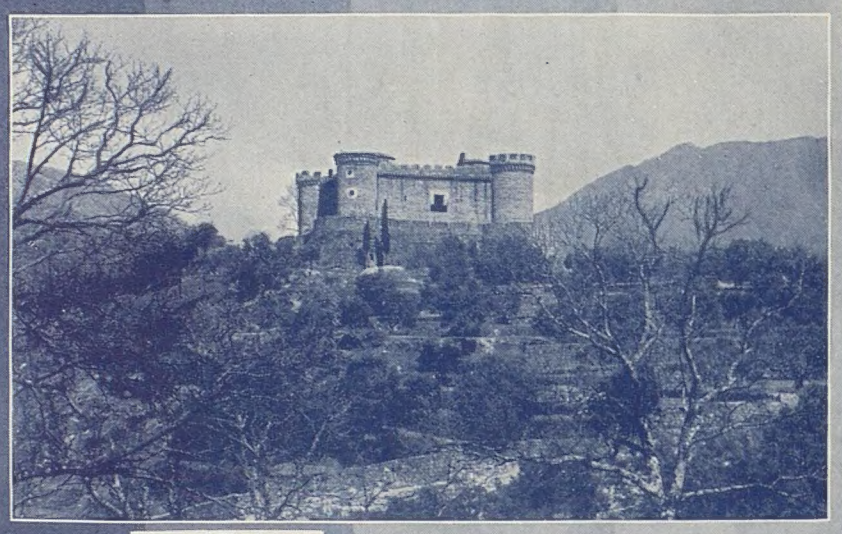


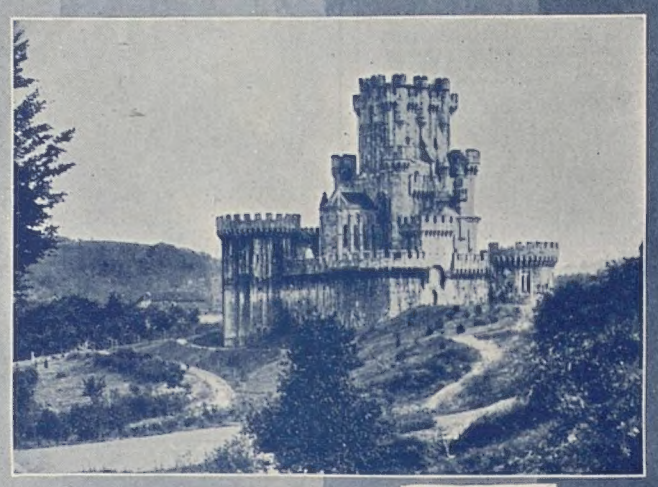
Avila. General view.



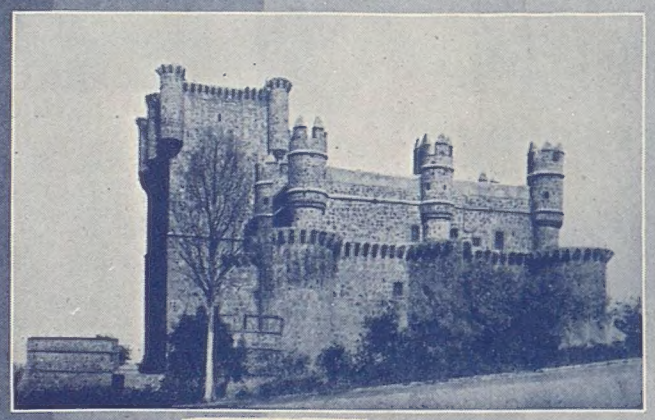
Alcázar of Segovia.



Castle of Mombeltrán.



Castle of Butrón.



Castle of Guadamur.

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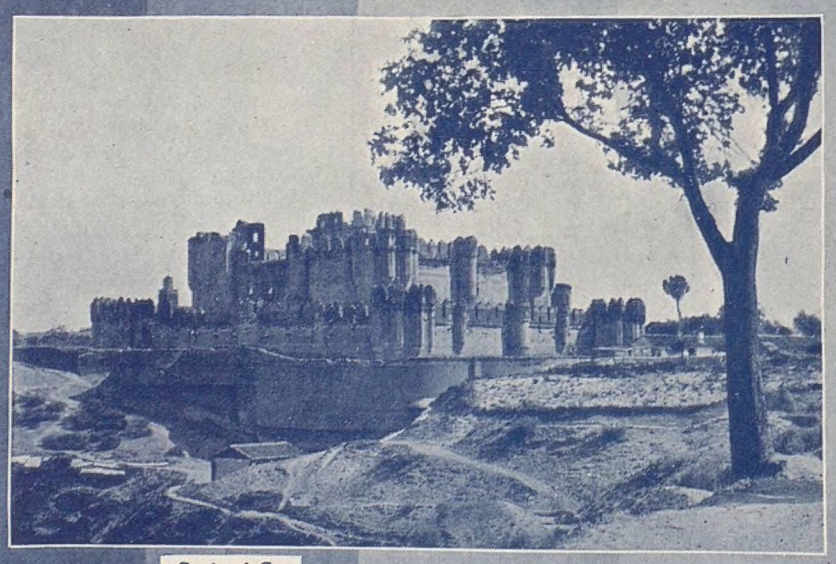
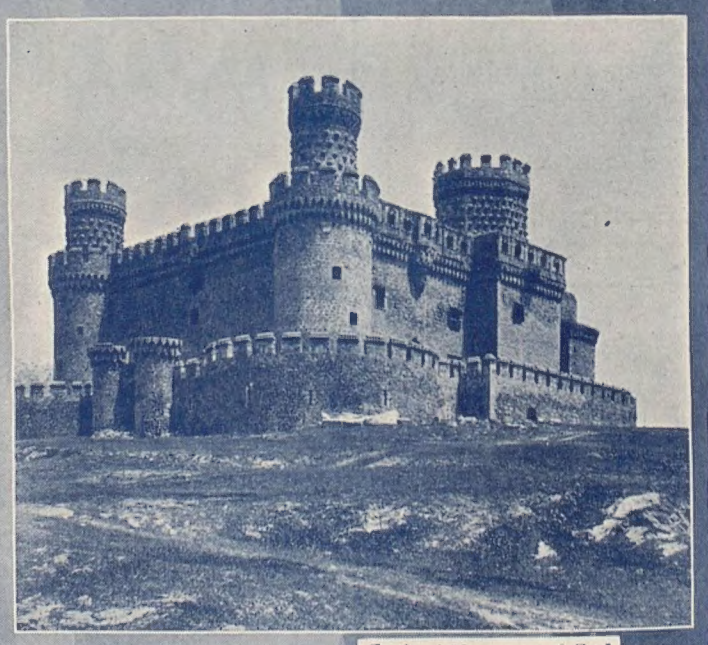


Castle of Coca.



Castle of Manzanares el Real.

For all information and literature apply to the offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain—at PARIS: 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; NEW YORK: 695, Fifth Avenue; ROME: 9, Via Condotti; GIBRALTAR: 63-67, Main Street. At LONDON and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, or The American Express, or Dean & Dawson Ltd., or any other Travel Agency.

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